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With the SATURDAY REVIEW of this week a literary supplement is given gratis. On 9 December a sixteen-page supplement devoted to Christmas books will appear.

NOTES.

Deep grief is silent, and its silence should be respected. Especially is this duty to be observed towards the private sorrows of public men whose lives we are in these days of journalistic enterprise all too prone to think of and speak of as common property, delicacy and fear of intrusion being flung to the winds. But there are men and women, whose lives become so essential to, so much a part of their country that the whole nation necessarily shares even in their private joys and private sorrows. Lord Salisbury has long been one of these; the country looks to him as a great Englishman rather than as a party leader; and instinctively the whole people sympathises with him in his great sorrow, sympathises deeply. Such women as Lady Salisbury are rare and a nation can ill afford to lose them.

We endorse Mr. Chaplin's rebuke of Mr. Bryce for a premature discussion of the future government of the Transvaal and Orange Free State, and we fear we must share with Mr. Chaplin the guilt of having quoted the proverb about catching your hare. But it is to be hoped that members of the Cabinet will give up repeating parrotwise that had they despatched the Army Corps in the summer, it would merely have antedated the Ultimatum. The Boer authorities have admitted that the Orange Free Staters were not ready to take the field in the summer, and, as has often been pointed out, there is no grass before the rain. It is now common talk amongst politicians that the person to blame for our unpreparedness is not Lord Lansdowne, nor Lord Wolseley, nor Mr. Chamberlain, but the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who refused to agree to the necessary expenditure. Sir Michael Hicks Beach has never been the darling of his party, but should this turn out to be the case, he will be less loved than ever.

Fuller accounts have now come of the battles of Dundee and Elandslaagte. The latter is the only defeat which the Boers so far admit, and from all accounts it must have been an even grander performance than was at first imagined. The flank attack

by the Gordon Highlanders and the Manchester Regiment was a magnificent achievement, as was the frontal attack by the Devonshire Regiment. So intensely was fire concentrated on the officers in the flank attack that the wonder is any escaped. The war correspondents give full play to their fancies in florid and sensational description, and most of them make amends with a vengeance for the muzzling they have endured at the hands of the press censor. As usual their accounts dissolve themselves largely into a praise of what the Highlanders did. The latter of course always do splendidly. Still it is not fair that when other regiments do equally well, and in this case others did at least equally well, they should not get equal credit.

The 4.7-inch naval guns at Ladysmith have stood us in good stead, and the way in which they were brought up-country is peculiarly interesting. What happened was this. The guns were rivetted on to railway trucks for the journey. At Ladysmith, a temporary line was laid down from the railway to where the guns' position was to be. At this point the temporary line ended, and holes were dug to receive the trucks. A light line like this, and one which would not be required to carry an engine, could be constructed with comparative ease. In any case the guns on their arrival were conveyed in their trucks to the end of the extemporised line, and run down into the holes, which were then filled in with earth round the wheels and body of the trucks. An excellent gun platform was thus at once created. This was certainly a triumph of ingenuity; and if we remember that these guns weighed two tons each without bearings, it is difficult to see how the apparently insuperable obstacle could have been got over in any other way. But, contrary to what one might expect, this resourceful expedient was due not to the initiative of the Navy, but to that of the despised War Office.

Mr. Kruger's threat to shoot six British prisoners of war if one supposed Boer spy be executed is another gross violation of the laws of civilised warfare. The rule which should guide a belligerent in his treatment of prisoners is the same as that which should guide him in the conduct of the war generally—to use no more violence than is absolutely necessary. It follows therefore that a prisoner of war can be confined only to prevent his escaping; and, as necessarily he is taken while doing a perfectly legal act, his confinement should

not be penal. It should be mere detention. But it may be as vigorous as the situation demands. Above all the life of a prisoner of war can only be taken in two cases: when he is in the act of escaping—but then it must be done on the spot—or when it is a question of retaliation.

Retaliation is repugnant to all modern ideas, and is often likely to defeat the end it has in view. It is the ultimate right of war, and a belligerent is only justified in resorting to it in circumstances of extreme necessity. For instance an unjust execution of prisoners of war may be followed by the execution of a similar number on the other side. In the present case, we find on one side a reputed spy, and on the other some regular prisoners of war. Now though it is permissible to employ spies, the matter ends there. It is regarded as dishonourable to become one, and it is justifiable to execute one. In this connexion we may say that a soldier in uniform can in no case become a spy. Though the right to execute spies should only be exercised in extreme cases, the British—should this particular individual clearly be proved to be one—would have an undoubted right to do so. But that could in no case confer a similar right on the Boers towards even one—much less towards six—of their prisoners of war.

So confused are the reports of the war in the French press that the Parisian has given up perusing them altogether. They are, to say the least, at once ignorant and vague; they give no news, but they fill columns. Now and then, papers like the "Intransigeant" and "Patrie" announce that the Boers are about to win a brilliant and unexpected victory, or that the English have had to beat a retreat—ambiguous statements, both, and never so successful as to be officially confirmed. Paris is told, also, that Mr. Chamberlain has been hooted in the streets of London, or mobbed at Birmingham, and that he has been seen to "shiver" and to "turn pale." But, if Mr. Chamberlain has been libelled and attacked day by day, Lord Salisbury has gained the sympathy of the entire French press by the sad loss he has so suddenly sustained. In the "Figaro," M. Valfrej devoted a long leader to the politics and policy of the Prime Minister; and hoped, for the sake of England and of Europe, that there was no truth in the report that Lord Salisbury was shortly to retire. Indeed, the entire press is unanimous on this point; and sees trouble ahead, and tragedies, if the rumour should turn out to be true.

The long list of interpellations being disposed of, and the Government having gained a substantial majority, Nationalists, Republicans and all parties in the Chamber have settled down more or less soberly to examine and discuss the Budget. That the vote of confidence in M. Waldeck-Rousseau should be so powerfully supported, was a surprise and, to his enemies, a disagreeable shock. In July his majority was just over twenty; to-day it is six times as much, and so M. Waldeck-Rousseau may safely introduce new regulations and reforms. Political life in France is so agitated and uncertain, however, that no one can predict how long the Premier will remain in power: he will constitute almost a record if he keeps his post for another six months. On Monday his enemies hoped to trouble him by an interpellation on the "red flag" which had been unfurled in the Place de la Nation the day before. But M. Waldeck-Rousseau answered them successfully and sat down finally amidst loud cheers and applause. His self-confidence and success have already made a great impression in Paris; and we should not wonder if M. Waldeck-Rousseau—in spite of his defence of M. Eiffel in the Panama affair—became popular with the people whom, M. Rochefort says, he has often helped to rob!

Few stirring scenes have taken place in the High Court this week. M. Déroulède has insulted the President and been sentenced to imprisonment; the audience has applauded whenever he has been called to order, and an anti-Semitic journalist has been turned out of court. But all these events were eclipsed when M. Jules Guérin drew forth his handkerchief and burst into tears. He has never been seen to weep before; his voice has never even trembled, and so this sudden

expression of feeling was an amazing surprise. All his past was overhauled and examined: Guérin has had many professions, has often been in prison. But, throughout his career, he has been "pursued and persecuted by enemies and villains." This, we believe, is the pet delusion of madmen; and, as M. Guérin could neither name his persecutors nor explain how he has been persecuted, we agree with M. Clémenceau that "the brave Jules is not quite sane."

Opinions differ in France as to the significance of the German Emperor's visit to the Queen. Some say that it is an open expression of sympathy, and that it may result in an alliance between England and Germany. Others declare that it is merely a "family affair," prompted by a grandson's natural desire to embrace his grandmother. Both sides, however, are extremely bewildered and bitter. The press, of course, treats the Windsor fêtes with sarcasm; and deplores the shabbiness of the decorations and of the ceremonies at Court. "All hope that France, Russia and Germany will form an alliance against England is lost," declares the "Patrie," "Russia and France stand alone, and must beware of the Emperor and the Queen!" Still, another evening paper fears that the Tsar is offended with France, and that the alliance made by M. Félix Faure is not too safe and sure. When troubles in the Transvaal commenced, it goes on, the Tsar saw that war was probable and, with a view to preventing it, invited France to interfere. M. Delcassé, however, wisely declined to fall in with the Tsar's proposal; and thus a breach between the two countries was occasioned. These, we are told, are the words of a "distinguished diplomat;" but even less important people in France attach scant importance to the French and Russian "alliance."

The fact that the German Reichstag celebrated the day of the Emperor's visit to England by throwing out for the second time and by an enormous majority his favourite "penal servitude" Bill has not been noticed in this country but it was the chief event of the week in German politics. It is difficult to see what the Emperor hopes to gain by endeavouring to force on the country an unworkable scheme and thus embittering the very parties whose support will be necessary if the Canal Bill and the Navy Bill are to be carried. The Emperor has now had many years' experience in the art of governing but he seems further than ever from building up anything resembling a working government party in the Reichstag. Yet he is popular in the country and were it not for a certain fussiness and love of dictation in small details he could easily secure the support of some dominant section of the Reichstag. And it must be admitted that he generally gets his way in the end.

The French seem determined not to educate themselves out of their Indian possessions. Taking warning perhaps by the co-relation between higher education and sedition in some parts of British India they have decided to abolish the former altogether and have accordingly done away with the Colonial College at Pondicherry. It does not appear whether a Madras B.A. will be accepted as a sufficient substitute for an Indian-French or pure Gallic degree. The present state of French feeling against this country will probably save our Indian Universities from an invasion of candidates for office over the border. The calmness with which the measure has been accepted by the Pondicherry Babu would indicate that the higher public service, for which a University degree is the passport, has not the same attractions in the French possessions that it has under our much-abused rule.

Lord Curzon is evidently not content to confine his journeys to solemn trips from Calcutta to Simla and back, with a few halts for ceremony or relaxation en route. He is on the right line. The spectacle of a Viceroy circling distressed tracts almost unattended and paying surprise visits to famine camps is more useful and in its way no less impressive than a durbar. His fearless inspections of plague hospitals and segregation camps give weight to his words when he calls on the native community to assist in preventive measures. It might be wise however if he could avoid being so frequently drawn for speeches in the style of a

parliamentary candidate on tour in his constituency. The public utterances of a Viceroy should be few and weighty. The question, for instance, of Viceregal responsibility cannot be usefully discussed in an answer to a casual address.

During the last few weeks considerable activity has been displayed in several departments of the Russian Government in connexion with the settlement of European Russian peasants in various parts of the Empire in Asia. The policy which Russia is systematically pursuing in peasant emigration to the East demands serious attention. By the laws of 1889 and 1892 special facilities were offered to peasants and artisans emigrating to localities which would serve as strategic centres in the advance of Russia eastwards. "Approved" parties of peasants with their families, possessing a capital of from £20 to £60, are now conveyed to their destination at Government expense, and provided with a grant of land, free of rent and taxes for twenty years, with permission, at the expiration of that period to purchase the land by annual payments, extending over forty years, or to retain their holdings by a small rental to the Government. Families bringing with them a capital of not less than £60 may borrow from the Government for the development of their property an equal amount, repayable by instalments in thirty-three years.

Recently yet more liberal conditions have been offered to time-expired soldiers already in the country who either marry daughters of European colonists, or arrange for members of their own families to join them. Since 1889 nearly a hundred thousand Russian peasants have been settled in the Altai mining districts, and enormous numbers in the Amur and Usuri provinces, while the population of a large part of Turkestan has more than doubled during the last ten years, mainly through immigration from European Russia. At this moment similar "strategic" attention is also being given to the Persian and Afghan frontiers. The Russian Government is probably well advised in its belief that a large part of the money now expended in transporting soldiers for a few years to distant garrisons might be more advantageously employed in founding permanent and self-supporting communities that would serve the double purpose of Russianising alien populations and providing material for new armies. The scheme is one that might be studied with advantage in view of a final settlement of the South African question. Not the least important phase of Russia's action is the effort to encourage the emigration of Russian women and girls, in order to avoid, as far as possible, the inconvenience and weakness of a mixed race on the most vulnerable parts of the Russian frontiers.

Once more the Irish members met on Thursday to discuss the great question of "unity" but as only nineteen of them could be got to unite to the extent of meeting in the same room the outlook remains clouded. Mr. John Redmond retired to America some months ago but it is known that neither he nor Mr. Healy has the remotest intention of uniting, except for the purpose of making things hot for poor Mr. Dillon who it is said threatens, unless things improve, to follow the example of Mr. William O'Brien and Mr. Davitt and abandon Parliamentary politics altogether. In the division of Mayo vacated by Mr. Davitt some half-dozen rival Nationalist candidates have already presented themselves whilst in London a Nationalist M.P. has been fighting a libel action against one of his ex-colleagues who owns a paper—and uses it. On the whole the materials for reunion seem scanty.

Sir Thomas Esmonde's scheme for a General Conference of Irish County Councils has taken practical shape and the first business meeting will be held in Dublin on 6 December. We have already called attention to this most promising and hopeful movement and it will be interesting to watch and see whether it escapes from the many traps that have been set for it. The professional politicians are dead against it, and it is understood in Ireland that Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien having failed to strangle it at its birth in May last are now arranging to "capture" it by sending up as county representatives a number of their agents who will insist

on opening the proceedings by the passing of a number of wild resolutions about the Boers and Irish independence and so frighten off the Unionist County Councils who have joined the movement on the strength of assurances that it shall be kept rigidly non-political. It is a characteristic trick but there are good hopes that it may be defeated.

The London County Council, after the manner of Mr. Snodgrass, has been "going to begin" to solve the housing problem any time this ten years past, but its proceedings are deliberate. Now, however, we are told that the coat is really coming off. It is announced that forty acres of land in the suburbs are to be bought with a view to the erection of working-class dwellings. If this means that the Council has awoken to the fact that there is a house-famine we are glad to hear it. If it means that the Council repents of having failed to house even half the number of people that it has displaced, we have no objection to raise. But the announcement was hailed in the Radical press as if the solution of the great problem was at hand. The public must not be deluded. What the Council is proposing to do is a mere drop in the ocean of what is needed; and there is nothing to show that this Progressive body has any grip of the subject or any notion of dealing with it systematically.

One of the impossibilities discovered by the Rothschild Committee on Old Age Pensions was that of establishing a system of annuities to which the State should make a contribution. And yet for the last three years this system has been growing rapidly in Belgium, and a most satisfactory feature of it is that the agency by which the accounts with the State are opened is that of the Friendly Societies and that employers of labour for this purpose form their employees into such societies. It is quite true that any system of annuities will not cover all the classes of people for whom provision ought to be made by pensions; but the experience of Belgium shows that it might, and indeed should, be an integral part of a pension scheme.

The Technical Education Board of London is certainly doing good work. The Report shows that within the last ten years it has built and equipped no less than seven Polytechnics at a cost of over £350,000. Most of this has come from London's share of the "whisky money," but much has also been drawn from the coffers of the City companies and the City Parochial Charities. The Board has further contributed towards the efficiency of Technical Education in London by subsidising a host of subordinate institutes. Last session over 900,000 "student hours" were paid for by the Board in Polytechnics alone. Probably the most useful side of its work is the provision it makes for adapting technical education to the trade needs of each separate locality, thus at Battersea special attention is given to chemistry which is an important factor in the industries of the district.

Mr. Ritchie claims to be of the school of the prophets. He foretold a year ago that trade would boom and lo! the boom is here. What more is needed to establish his claim? And on the strength of the accuracy of his prevision, he proceeds to dogmatise as to the position of our trade generally. We are doing better now than we have done for fifteen years past; and they who dare suggest that all is not for the best with this best of all possible commercial nations are merely timorous visionaries. If the average student of trade statistics cannot rise to the optimistic heights to which a president of the Board of Trade easily attains, his limitations are unfortunate—though not necessarily for himself. Mr. Ritchie says it is absurd to regard imports and exports separately. The only fair and reasonable way is to take them together. Mr. Ritchie's methods strike us as an admirable hint to spendthrifts. Mr. Ritchie has a further advantage. He is able to include in his survey "invisible exports."

The call list of this term, a diminished list, seems to indicate that men are more and more taking to qualify themselves for the Bar as a kind of degree, an aid to success in vocations other than and indeed remote from

law. This is no bad thing for the community, for to have read some law, even the little required to pass the Bar examinations, is healthful intellectually, and might well be regarded as a necessary part of a good education. But of vastly greater significance would be a barrister's status, if it necessarily involved six months' or a year's attendance in the Courts. There could not be an exercise more truly and entirely educational than the intellectual watching of the conduct of cases. But good for the community as is the "comprehension" of the Bar, it is not unnatural that some of its practising members should look at the process askance. Their interests in the profession should come first, and there is danger of their rightful influence being swamped—or at least diluted—in the crowd.

It is said that the English Church Union is fomenting disobedience in the clergy. Canon Crosse, himself a member of the Union, has protested with emphasis against the prevailing practice of insulting and denouncing the Bishops. Apparently the country members of the Union are much disturbed at the action of the Council, but they are unorganised and distant, and can be ignored without risk though they constitute the majority of the society. Lord Halifax and the extreme men who dominate the Council have the Metropolitan Unionists behind them, and they use to the full the tactical advantage they possess. In these circumstances, the position of members, whom we may take to be typical High Churchmen, who while agreeing with the principles the Union was founded to uphold disapprove of the proceedings of the governing clique, has become difficult, if not untenable. To resign seems to be the better way, but we can understand hesitation to take a step which might be construed by the public and twisted by theological opponents to mean something quite other than it does.

Low Churchmen make a very great mistake in charging such organisations as the East London Church Fund with party favouritism. The charge merely recoils upon themselves; for it exposes their weakness. To suggest that such a man as the Bishop of Stepney would unfairly prefer one school of Churchmen to another in the distribution of grants can appear to such as know him merely silly, while as against the evangelical Bishop of Islington, who has recently been singled out for attack, such a charge surely becomes almost humorous in its extravagance. Some Evangelicals seem to think that it is the duty of ecclesiastical authorities forcibly to interfere on their behalf and stem the tide when it is running against them. This is a very unworthy attitude for any Church party to take up, and we refuse to believe that it has the approval of the abler and more responsible of the Evangelical clergy.

Admiral Dewey will now be able to enter into the feelings of Coriolanus towards "the mutable, rank-scented, many." His period of apotheosis has been even shorter than is usual with the darling of democracy, and why he has been so suddenly hurled from his pedestal we cannot exactly find out. It appears that a grateful public bought and presented the Admiral with a house. Shortly afterwards the Admiral took unto himself a second wife, to whom he passed on the house. The gift, which strikes us as natural and appropriate, was denounced by the press as "tactless and indelicate," whereupon Mrs. Dewey transferred the house to her stepson, the Admiral's son by a former wife. Whether the delicacy of the American public is satisfied, and what is ultimately to become of the house, or why the Admiral will not keep it to himself, are points on which, not being American, we must confess our ignorance.

The anthology of the war grows apace. Mr. Kipling of course rushed in without losing a moment, and the "old king" did gentleman usher to the "beggar." Then Mr. Swinburne was good enough to step in and lift us out of bathos by his stately and musical, if somewhat cryptic lines. An Irish prelate too must join the chorus, which swells daily. And now the "patriotic address" at the Empire bids fair to hold the record of enthusiasm. The "Absent-minded Beggar" may become still more absent before long.

THE GERMAN FACTOR.

HOWEVER scrupulously the German Emperor may observe his resolution to make his visit a purely private one, it is inevitable that his presence in our midst should suggest thoughts as to the great nation which he rules, and so thoroughly represents. It is one of the penalties of place that the head of a mighty people can do nothing in private, and that inferences will be drawn from his most innocent movements. Since the beginning of the war we have been unpleasantly reminded, in a manner that cannot be mistaken, that we have many enemies abroad who are only restrained by a calculation of the consequences from attacking us. It may well be that this dislike is based on envy, but that does not alter the fact. Two powerful nations seem, at any rate, to be drawn towards us, whether by sentiment or self-interest we do not stop to inquire, the United States, namely, and Germany. The Kaiser is, in the truest sense of the term, a representative Sovereign: and his modest movements about the home of British royalty have set us on thinking of the character and prospects of the State whose path may in the near future cross or march parallel with our own.

Upon the ethnological aspect of the Indo-Germanic question we have neither the space nor the inclination to enter. The SATURDAY REVIEW has frequently expressed its opinion that consanguinity has very little to do with the liking of one nation for another, except in so far as pedigree is a factor in the formation of character. Language counts for much; commercial interest, or bread-and-butter, for a great deal more; and sentiment goes for something. Now the sentiment that one people feels for another depends upon the view which it takes of its character. Englishmen, for instance, like a certain well-defined type of character. We like men who are brave, and upon whose word we can rely, men, in short, who have what Matthew Arnold used to call "the power of conduct." The Germans have this power of conduct in a remarkable degree, and we must ascribe their unpopularity in this country partly to a want of knowledge of their national character. The Germans are industrious, frugal in their habits, obedient to authority, with strict notions about domestic purity, and, whether they belong to the Roman Catholic or a Protestant communion, unaffectedly pious. In business they are more truthful and honourable than the Americans; and their bravery and skill in war they have long ago proved. Loyalty, courage, truthfulness, love of home, and temperance, these are great qualities, which are none the less national, because there are plenty of anarchists and atheists in the cities and universities of Germany.

Mr. Lecky says truly in "The Map of Life" that "the fortunes of nations correspond with their real worth much more nearly than the fortunes of individuals." And for the obvious reason that the life of the individual is short, and character must have time to tell. But tell it must in the long run, and we are convinced that a nation with the solid and old-fashioned virtues of the German will beat more showy competitors out of the field, and will be one of the most successful powers of the future. It is often said that the Germans cannot found colonies: but the fault lies with their government not with their settlers. German traders invariably do well in British colonies, and if German efforts at colonisation have hitherto not been crowned with success it is because German bureaucracy has not yet formed a permanent and efficient colonial service, from which competent colonial governors and officials can be supplied. Although the prejudice against Germans is sensibly subsiding in England, it still exists. German clerks and German waiters are rather too ubiquitous to be popular, and a foreigner is always seen to disadvantage out of his own country. London society too has been so largely Germanised of late as to excite dislike and derision in certain quarters. But this feeling is bound to pass, for the wealth and brains which our cosmopolitan financiers have brought to London will in another generation be merged in the common stock, and their sons will be more English than the Howards. Another cause of unpopularity is the German "earnest-

ness that goes into everything." That, however, is a British characteristic as well, and indeed the German and British peoples have so many qualities in common that they ought to be great friends. The rapid increase in German commerce is creating a cultured upper middle class like our own, which ought to do much to bring the two nations into sympathetic contact. Hitherto German society has been divided into nobles, officers, and tradesmen; and the habits and manners of the German bourgeois who travels have left much to be desired. Doubtless the Germans say just as disagreeable things about our manners, which they resent as bumptious and overbearing. What is really wanted is that the inhabitants of the two countries should get to know one another better than in the past. We say this from a belief that Germany is destined to play no mean part in the development of Africa and the East, and that Great Britain would do better to work with her than against her.

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

INFORMATION from Natal continues to be puzzling and scanty, but the veil has to some extent been lifted from the operations in the West and in the South. Before discussing what, according to the various details now at hand, has been or is likely to be done, it will perhaps be best to speak of the numbers on the spot. As to cavalry, a large part of the division has still to arrive. Probably it is the weakness in this arm, which has delayed matters in Natal. South of Ladysmith General Clery has under him the two brigades of Generals Hildyard and Barton—neither of which originally belonged to his division—and some battalions of General Lyttelton's brigade. Before these arrived, there were at Estcourt two battalions, a detachment of Dublin Fusiliers, and both the mounted and dismounted Natal Volunteers. South of Ladysmith therefore we may say that our forces amount to some 15,000 men which, including the Ladysmith garrison which must at least amount to 9,000 men, gives us a grand total in Natal of perhaps 24,000 men, weak in cavalry. Of the troops which have arrived at East London in the South, General Gatacre has probably about 5,000 men, but one of his brigades—General Fitzroy Hart's—is still for the most part at sea. In the West Lord Methuen has the Guards' and another brigade, the 9th Lancers, three field batteries, a naval brigade, and some Colonial irregulars, the whole amounting to some 13,000 men. General French is also reported to be operating against Colesberg with some 3,000 men. On the 23rd too there arrived at the Cape the Royal Dragoons, two battalions and some other details. The former have now gone to Natal.

From a recent newspaper despatch which, being authenticated by the Press Censor's signature, may be taken as substantially accurate, we learn that an attack was made upon the town of Ladysmith early on the morning of the 9th. The hills round were lined by our troops, and the Boer attack, delivered under cover of their guns, was repulsed. In one part of the field the Rifle Brigade did a smart piece of work in seizing a trench which the Boers had temporarily abandoned in order to bring up their horses. On returning they found the trenches occupied, and in consequence they lost heavily. Meanwhile on the South-West the Manchester Regiment occupied Cæsar's Camp, near which they found a force sheltering from shell fire. The deadly volleys then poured in upon the Boers induced them to retire, and the engagement soon after ended. From the same source, it is said that a reconnaissance in force attacked the Boers on the right of the Colenso Road on the 14th, and drove them back. From a Pretoria telegram we may at least gather that all was right at Ladysmith up to the 19th. Our troops have a sufficiency of ammunition, and the Boer bombardment is feeble owing to defective ammunition. At Estcourt on the morning of the 18th the commander of the Northern outposts of General Hildyard's force reported that Boer patrols were about, and that a force of some 600 men was advancing on Estcourt. A shell from a 12 lb. naval gun at a distance of five miles, however,

caused them to retire. Large numbers were soon afterwards reported to have been seen. Estcourt has been isolated both by rail and by wire from the South, and a Boer force is established at Highlands Station in the Mooi River. In addition to this a strong force of Boers under General Joubert himself is said to have penetrated as far as Nottingham Road Station, thus cutting off General Barton's communications from Mooi River to Pietermaritzburg. Our forces in Natal therefore are practically now divided into four parts with bodies of Boers intervening, Ladysmith, Estcourt, Mooi River, and the main body under General Clery. What supplies there may be at Estcourt and Mooi River, or what is the strength of the Boers, we have no certain means of knowing. But from recent reports it is not unreasonable to infer that a certain proportion have become looting rather than fighting parties. In any case their supplies must be a great difficulty. English ships of war prevent any food reaching the Republics via Delagoa Bay; and the inland resources are limited. It is said that the Boers are daily receiving reinforcements from the North. Their object no doubt is to defeat the relieving column in detail. But in case of defeat their flight must become desperate, and their only means of escape through Zululand. But the matter really resolves itself into this, will they be strong enough to continue the investment of Ladysmith effectively, after having detached this column to intercept General Clery's advance from the South? Perhaps even now the Boer force at Ladysmith is merely a containing one. How far General Clery has advanced in his preparations and where he is, we know not. Probably he is waiting for his horses to get "fit" after their voyage, and to organise his transport. It is unfortunate that he has so little cavalry. Something decisive must soon take place; and it may be he is already advancing. But it is to be feared that the Boers will not give him a chance of striking them in the open in large numbers.

It is reported that a certain number of Boers are leaving Natal for the vicinity of Bloemfontein. As to the Basutos, we learn from the High Commissioner that though exaggerated reports as to Boer victories have created a sensible impression among them, their general attitude is satisfactory. In the South General Gatacre has moved from Queenstown—whence comes the inevitable speech—to Putters Kraal. A reconnaissance has been made to Molteno. General French too has reconnoitred as far as Arundel—north of Naauwpoort. In the West Lord Methuen has attacked the Boers at Belmont—55 miles south of Kimberley. The latter occupied a strong position. Three ridges were taken in succession, the attack on the last being prepared by shrapnel. The infantry behaved splendidly, and received valuable assistance from the naval brigade and artillery. The Boers fought with courage. Our victory was complete but our losses unfortunately were heavy. The list of our casualties shows that the Guards' brigade, and a brigade under General Fetherstonehaugh—who was severely wounded—were engaged. The victory is especially important as being our first purely offensive operation in the war. From this side of Cape Colony we may soon expect to hear some rather startling news. The Free State capital is about 160 miles from both Orange River and De Aar; but it is only 100 miles from Kimberley; so that, once the Diamond Capital is relieved, there will be no great obstacle to a cross country march through the Free State. In the meantime Sir Redvers Buller is on his way to Durban.

Sir Charles Warren's division will soon be on its way; and it is reported that yet another division is to be held in readiness to proceed to South Africa, in case of necessity. In the next few days however the doings of Sir Francis Clery and Lord Methuen will be the main features to watch. Matters must soon take a decisive turn. For the present we can but exercise our patience; but of this we may be certain. With so vigorous a commander as Sir Redvers Buller there will be no unnecessary delay. As soon as he is sufficiently strong, he will strike quickly, and he will not do so until he is also well able to strike home.

PENSIONS OR POORHOUSE?

THE meeting of the Association of Poor Law Unions held during the week came as a reminder that, though little has been heard of the matter lately, the question of poor law reform, and the allied question of old age pensions have still to be faced. In the course of next session we may assume that something will be done with reference to the report of Mr. Chaplin's Committee, which recommended the provision of old age pensions as a desirable and feasible object not open to many of the adverse criticisms that have been made against it; and also recommended an improved system of classification of the poor to whom the workhouse is the only refuge, even if a system of pensions were adopted. It is often supposed that there is a kind of rivalry between these two proposals. There is in this sense; opponents of pensions would gladly see the idea shelved by the adoption of a classification of paupers in workhouses as a substitute. But this is a weak evasion of the difficulties with which we are confronted. It is the smallest of concessions that can be made to the widespread discontent with the provision which the law at present makes for the poor when they have ceased to be serviceable members of society. If the philanthropists whose views are limited to this kind of palliative suppose that working people will ever look forward contentedly to a workhouse in however glorified a state, or by whatever name it may be called, as the destined end and aim of their lives, they will find that they have been making a very considerable mistake. Paupers and millionaires have very much the same kind of feeling about some things; and one of them is that neither would care for the prospect of being removed from home and friends when they grow old to spend their last days and die in a public institution. Millionaires might be classified into good millionaires and bad millionaires, as paupers might be classified into deserving and undeserving, but in neither case would this delicate carefulness and nice discrimination be really appreciated. It is not classification that is wanted as a substantive scheme for providing for the aged poor. Except in cases of infirmity, where residence in a public institute is impossible, or where the difficulty of living on 5s. a week pension may make it necessary to apply the sum to maintenance in the workhouse, classification should merely supplement a scheme under which the aged deserving poor shall not find themselves in the workhouse at all. Limited in this way the recommendations of the Committee which reported on the Cottage Homes Bill, and which were adopted by Mr. Chaplin's Committee, would provide a desirable alteration of the indiscriminate treatment which is the rule in most workhouses. The danger of carrying them too far consists in the unnecessary extension of the workhouse system, the erection of extensive buildings, and the increase of poor law officials. With the instinct of officials those connected with the present system are inclined to favour improved workhouses as the solution of the question. The expense of administering the poor law system in the old style has been enormous enough; but when the workhouse as a kind of punishment for poverty gives place to the workhouse as a dignified retreat there seem to open up illimitable possibilities of extravagance.

The theory that the workhouse is an institution which only exists to frighten everybody off the rates except those who go in rather than absolutely starve, is an extremely harsh one. It is too harsh to be acted on as purists wish, but it is true the workhouse cannot be dissociated from a certain amount of terrorism without encouraging vicious forms of pauperism. Yet the tendency to something more than comfort if less than extravagance in some of the larger workhouses springs from the humanitarian conception of recent years that many people in workhouses are entitled to something more than the mere ability to live. It is an illustration of the ordinary principle that a good idea may do harm unless it is carried out in the right way. Either the workhouse must keep up its character for terrorism over certain classes, in which case any association of the meritorious poor with it must always carry a social stigma: or, losing that character, then in endeavouring

to treat the meritorious poor according to their deserts the poor law officials will land us in the most indiscriminate extravagance by fostering instead of discouraging vicious forms of pauperism. With the best intentions this dilemma could not be avoided. Already from the difficulties of carrying out even so much of classification as the present law allows very little has been done. This is due partly to the expenses which smaller unions cannot undertake, and partly, perhaps mostly, to the almost insuperable difficulty of making satisfactory discriminations of the character of applicants for relief and of the inmates of the workhouses. Some of the larger unions have tried it and succeeded to a certain extent. But it always involves more or less preliminary association of all the various classes, and the principle of classification by character resolves itself mostly into a reward of personal behaviour in the house. The Royal Commission on the aged poor in 1895 fully appreciated the desirability of classification by character but, while speaking fair of every effort made with this object, observed that any system of classification by past character would present great difficulties, and it would not recommend the issue of any regulations enforcing such classification.

The attempt to make workhouses serve the two inconsistent functions of a test for destitution, and also of a place where the meritoriousness of honest poverty shall be suitably recognised and rewarded, is doomed to failure. It will fail the more the further it is tried; and how far it has failed already to meet the more humanitarian requirements of public opinion is evident from the present state of the question of out-door relief. This is deserving of all the censure that is poured upon it by the upholders of a rigid administration of the poor law. But it is quite impossible to put an end to the dishonesty and hypocrisy, and the wholesale creation of hereditary paupers that are its results, if the only alternative is to force many of the most deserving aged poor into the workhouse along with the crowd of worthless idlers and impostors who are worthy of nothing better. Mr. Fawcett and others, who belong to the extreme individualist school, have said that if the administration of out-door relief were to go on it would be better that all assistance of the poor by the State should be put an end to. It is now much less possible than it was when Mr. Fawcett wrote, to argue that the sphere of government should be restricted to the very lowest possible limits, though some belated individualists still echo the discredited doctrines of thirty or forty years ago. They may talk of the poor law system as preventing the poor from becoming economically independent, and as preventing them rising from the condition of status to the condition of free contract. This is a pedantic theory. Poverty is not a status of any particular class. We are all liable to it under modern conditions. The old poor laws no doubt were adapted to people who were confined to their parishes, and who were in fact in the condition of status as opposed to competition and free contract. But our present poor law does not affect our régime of free contract. We have that with all its doubtful blessings, and public assistance is not less necessary, but more by reason of it. The amount of wreckage that goes on under it must be met by some form of state aid, and the practical question is what form this aid shall assume. Its present form would be more properly called chaos; it is a mass of confusion with no clear principle to guide it, and it will grow worse in the attempt to carry out inconsistent aims. To cry aloud for the application of the severest workhouse test is utterly impracticable. We are told this might be done if the people were only taught to rely on themselves instead of on a poor law. Then shrinking from this conclusion, when they remember for a moment the conditions of great masses of industrious poor people, the preachers of this moral duty of the poor add the proviso "if they were aided by organised charity," and they attempt to modify the statement of the evils which, as experience has taught us, most forms of charitable endowment produce. We do not wonder at their dissatisfaction with the administration of the poor law; but we do wonder they do not see that a well-considered pension scheme is necessary to take over some of the relief now administered by the poor law, and to leave

the way clearer for reforms in the administration of other modes of relief. Perhaps they will not be able to see this until they get rid of their exaggerated theory of individualism.

EMPERORS IN ENGLAND.

BETWEEN the downfall of the Roman Empire of the West and the beginning of our own century, four emperors have landed upon our English shores. The first of these, Baldwin II. of Constantinople, though he was the son-in-law of the crusading hero Jean de Brienne—for seven long years of war and strain the octogenarian Emperor of the East—was at first hardly suffered to set foot upon the coast (April 1238) as he came without an invitation on the occasion of his first visit. Though given so dubious a welcome he managed to leave the country £700 richer than he entered it; and when he came a second time—a penniless fugitive beggar who had been forced to sell the holiest treasures of Christendom, the Cross on which Christ had suffered and the Crown of thorns that once had circled the Saviour's head, he seems to have got nothing at all even though he now trumped up a tale of kinship to the King (1247).

The next imperial visitor was one of quite another kind. It was the last year of the fourteenth century (1400 A.D.) and Henry IV. of England had just supplanted his unfortunate cousin Richard II. on the throne, when all Europe was startled by the news that Manuel II. Emperor of Constantinople had already started on a pilgrimage to the West to beg the leading monarchs there for aid against the Turks. His progress was a long, triumphant march. Wherever he went there was revelry and feasting. At Venice he was lodged in the palace of a Marquis; at Padua the citizens turned out with flaming torches to escort him to his house; at Paris Charles VI. rode out in state to meet him. In England he received a welcome such as never yet had been given to any foreign prince. At Blackheath Henry IV. met him and led him through London in state (21 December). Christmas was spent at Eltham. There were jousts and revelries of every kind. The grave aldermen of London with their little "sones" [sons] to help them came out to the old Kent manorhouse in Christmas week and "maden him a gret mommyng" (i.e. masquerade with King of Misrule or Unreason in the true old style) for which "they hadde gret thanke." At the tournament, Henry's eldest daughter, a little maiden of some nine winters, was Queen of Beauty; and, in the affected style of the age, strangely clad warriors from every realm of fairy-land or fact presented their homage or ran their courses in the lists before her—Manuel looking down upon this strange scene either in bewilderment or delight. Everyone was delighted with the visit: Manuel had never met with so gracious a host as Henry—who, so he wrote to a Greek friend at Florence, was "full of charms" and "friendly unto all." The English, on the other hand, could not gaze enough on this splendid-looking Emperor of fifty, this model of manly activity and well-proportioned vigour. They doubtless whispered to one another the tales that came from Paris as to his almost superhuman agility: how when the French King met him outside Paris, offering him a splendid milk-white horse, Manuel had, then and there, leapt from his own steed on to the strange courser without so much as setting even one foot upon the ground. They wondered at his snow-white beard—once of a full, rich golden hue—that fell down in profusion over his broad breast—like the beards of the French heroes in the greatest of all mediæval epics. They wondered at his simple dress of flowing white and at his piety as manifested in the daily services he frequented—services conducted in his own Greek tongue and not in the foreign Latin idiom to which they were accustomed. And they heard, perhaps, with deeper interest still, rumours of a strange band of "nobles" still living in Constantinople who claimed descent from British heroes now dead a thousand years and more—"nobles" who, still, in the far-off metropolis of the East, spoke their own English tongue and still bore in their hands the same huge

battle-axes that had crushed the Norman down at Hastings.

The next Emperor to visit England was Sigismund—the Emperor of the West. He, like Manuel, came to England from Paris and he, too, had great hopes of inducing the King of England, Henry V., to make peace with the King of France and join in one common effort against the conquering Turk. He was welcomed with a splendour that surpassed even the welcome of Manuel. Richard de Beauchamp, the great Earl of Warwick, called the "Prince of Courtesy" by his contemporaries met him at Calais. The King's youngest brother, the "Good Duke Humphrey" of Gloucester, the founder of the Bodleian Library at Oxford, was sent down to receive him at Dover. At Canterbury he was entertained by Archbishop Chicheley, the founder of All Souls College; at Rochester and Dartford he was met by two more of the royal brothers, the Dukes of Bedford and Clarence; while, at Blackheath stood the King himself—Henry V. fresh with all the glory of Agincourt round his brow and round him gathered some five thousand of his greatest knights and nobles—along with the Mayor of London, Master Nicholas Wotton the Draper, accompanied by his aldermen and the city companies in all the splendour of their scarlet robes and many-coloured liveries. With characteristic modesty Henry quartered his Imperial guest in his own palace at Westminster; while he himself sought a humbler lodging in Lambeth. Parliament was not allowed to break up till the Emperor had arrived; and, a few days later, Sigismund was hurried off to Windsor to be made a Knight of the Garter under circumstances of unusual splendour. Several of our old English chronicles have preserved an elaborate account of the inauguration banquet on this occasion and of the wonderful dishes set upon the royal table—dishes made up to represent the exploits of that S. George, the champion saint of England, in whose honour the order of the Garter had been founded and in whose name Henry himself had bidden his little army strike home on the day of his greatest victory: dishes of an artistic perfection in design such as would have gladdened the heart of such a master of the cookman's craft as Alcide de Mirobolant himself. Like Manuel, Sigismund—perhaps the most gifted sovereign of his century—won the hearts of all. When Henry heard of the great victory gained by his brother at Harfleur (16 August, 1416) he galloped off from the Kentish village in which he was staying and would not dismount from his horse's back till he had carried the news to Sigismund at Canterbury; and then the two Kings together entered the great minster to render solemn thanks to God. Sigismund's courtesy found expression in his declaration that not merely was Henry to be felicitated on having gained so signal a triumph but his very captives were to be congratulated on having fallen into the hands of so noble a conqueror. As they left Canterbury for the coast Sigismund's suite strewed the streets with pamphlets on which were written Latin acrostics singing the praise of their English hosts and the English land—verses doubtless written by the Emperor himself who was an unrivalled linguist among the monarchs of his time. And for hundreds of years after his departure the English loved to tell each other of the parting advice he had given their King—the soundest advice ever given by foreign prince to English sovereign—bidding him at all costs guard the "narrow seas" and keep Dover and Calais safe as the very "eyes" of his dominion.

The next Emperor to land in England was Charles V.; but the story of his two visits—especially the last one when London was decorated to greet him as it never was before and probably as it never has been since, would take too long to speak of here. He, alone of all the Emperors we have dealt with, had not visited Paris before he came to London. He alone came with the fixed intention of making discord between two realms that both Manuel and Sigismund had longed to reconcile. Once more we have an Emperor in England. He, too, has not visited Paris on his way. Is his rôle, then, that of Charles V. or is it that of Manuel and Sigismund?

"LES BOERES."

BOHEMIA is bewildered over the Boers. Bohemia—ignorant of all that does not concern the Boul' Mich'—wonders who they are, what they are like and where they live. Nor does Bohemia know why they have gone to war. "Are they black?" inquires Mlle. Mimi. "Do they wear feathers and wave spears?" asks Mlle. Musette. "Tell us," say both, "about 'les Boères.'" . . . It is, of course, to Paul that these questions are put—in the Taverne Lorrain, equipped, to-day, with billiard-tables and a band. With him are Pierre and others; near them, cards are being played, and dominoes. Bocks are brought; solemnly Paul drinks to "les Boères," their children and their wives. "May they marry as many as they like?" asks Mlle. Mimi. "Yes," replies Paul, "comme les Turcs!" "Quel scandale, mon Dieu, quel scandale!" murmurs Pierre. Still, Paul excuses them. They have much to put up with, he declares—the English, for example, and the Germans. Has Mlle. Mimi seen "les touristes de Cook"—driving in brakes, consulting infamous Baedekers, drifting along the boulevards in dreary batches? Has she also seen parties from Berlin—rows of them, for ever taking notes, mooning before monuments, peering at pillars, standing—pitiful figures—beneath the stately towers of Notre Dame? Thousands of these live in the Transvaal: what wonder that the "Boères" should seek consolation by marrying often! Then, the English covet their mines, and would have them attend bleak churches, where pale pastors preach. They are "sec," these pastors; they neither swing incense nor lead processions round the church: and the "Boères" resent these sad ceremonies, because they love to bow and kneel and rise, "comme les catholiques." So, they fight far, far away—for their children and wives, for their mines and churches—on rugged hills and in damp valleys, thousands of them, with Kruger as chief and Joubert as lieutenant; while the English—afraid to meet them face to face—hover above them in balloons, and throw gunpowder and bombs down and sing "God Save the Queen" whenever a "Boère" is killed or hurt. "So, O Mimi, O Musette, O Pierre, let us have more bocks—for Paul is thirsty after having spoken so wisely and so well, and anxious to raise yet another glass to the Boères who lie out in the cold and rain, while we, the Jeunesse of the Latin Quarter and the Pride of Paris, sit in luxury before billiard-tables and a band." Bocks are ordered, emptied in honour of the "Boères." Mlle. Mimi wishes to go, so does Mlle. Musette—to Bullier's they say, because Paul's tragic story has made them sad. They rise, then—Bibi passes. He carries a handsome umbrella; he wears a huge chrysanthemum, he clasps a bust. "Les Boères," says he, "have Bibi's sympathy. Bibi is collecting francs on their behalf. Bibi is even selling this bust to give them food and tobacco." Ten francs would buy it: "c'est pour rien." But, as no one replies, Bibi leaves the Lorrain, and makes for the Café Procope where, at Voltaire's table, the pro-Boer committee sits. As students pass Bibi stops them, saying "Bibi has something to sell." "Umbrellas?" is the invariable reply. "No," answers Bibi indignantly. "A bust—only ten francs—the bust of Verlaine's brother and friend, the bust of Bibi la Purée!"

Seated in Procope is much of the Jeunesse of the Latin Quarter—not that section of it that dances down the Boul' Mich' shouting and singing, but a more thoughtful set, young, ambitious and inspired. Great hats hang from pegs, and alarming sticks. Pens, ink and paper are about; the Jeunesse is writing—writing, no doubt, tremendous tragedies, or bitter verse or stanzas of despair. Idler fellows play dominoes or picquet; others discuss in corners; on these—on all—smiles M. Théo, the popular and portly proprietor. He loves his house, and he respects it: no one must be disorderly in the Procope. He has Voltaire's table, and portraits of Rousseau, Robespierre, Danton, Gambetta and others on his walls. He has old books and dusty documents upstairs. He has memories, trophies, treasures everywhere. His is not an ordinary café, not a cabaret: should anyone shout or chant a chorus

M. Théo, rising gravely, will say with surprise, "Sir, remember you are in the Procope." Still, M. Théo is not so haunted by memories as to belong altogether to the past. He loves the Jeunesse; he aids and encourages it. He gives "Procope Soirées" at which his protégés recite and sing; he publishes the "Procope" newspaper in which the great works of the Jeunesse appear, he is always discreet, always patient, always kind. Journalists have visited him of late; odd figures—some in blouses, others in sabots—too. He knows what they want and why they have come, he says to a waiter, "Present these gentlemen to the committee." And he shrugs his shoulders, and smiles, and says, "Pour le Transvaal, c'est bizarre." We, too, would see the committee, and say so; but the committee is busy—we must wait. And so we watch Bibi as he parades his bust before the Jeunesse, from table to table, drawing attention to its merits, proclaiming it to be a lifelike image of the one Bibi, the only Bibi, the world-famed Bibi la Purée. None take it, however; many implore Bibi to leave them in peace, others advise him to enlist as a volunteer himself. Here and there, groups discuss the "distress" of the "Boères." The committee is still in the back room at Voltaire's table, busy; a tall man, almost bald and pale, says wearily that it does nothing but talk. It has been sitting for weeks, he declares, waiting for recruits and one hundred thousand francs. It has got the men, but still waits for the money and—always will. His friend, a melancholy poet, replies that "we must all die;" "even Bibi," he goes on, and Bibi, still hawking his bust, remarks "How true!" At last we are informed that the committee will see us and, what is more, that the committee will join us. And, soon, the committee comes—not a determined score, as we expected, but a solitary young man with a soft beard and dreamy eyes. He bows courteously, and wonders what we want. His idea is simple and, seemingly sincere: it is to aid the Boers "who are in need of help;" and so, in reply to a number of applications, he has founded a committee. He, at the present moment, alone represents it. Four hundred men have offered their services, and are ready to start; but there are no funds. Each volunteer must have an outfit and pocket money; each, however, is too poor to equip himself, being either a student or a labourer or a mechanic. "And so I sit here, and wait," he concludes, "wait for some generous person to equip my men and myself, for I, too, am poor, and I, also, wish to go. When? I cannot say; perhaps never. But I have mapped out our route and made out a list of steamers that leave Marseilles. I have hours, days and details arranged. I have four hundred men, all ready. But I have neither outfits for them, nor ammunition, nor money." Sadly he speaks, and sincerely. Slowly he rises; and, after bowing again, returns to Voltaire's table. He sits there to-day, he will sit there to-morrow, for hours at a time, waiting, watching and hoping. When volunteers present themselves, he enrolls them. If they ask when they must get ready to start, he replies: "Je ne sais pas. J'attends. Nous partirons peut-être demain, ou à la fin de la semaine, ou dans un mois—peut-être jamais."

OF CONVERSATION.

A VARIETY of theories have been put forward by social philosophers, with regard to the true object and the proper subjects of conversation, and most of those sages who tell us what conversation ought to be agree in being dissatisfied with what conversation generally is. Unfortunately, however, for their corporate influence on the world, they agree in little else. One of them, or one set of them, will tell us that, in order to talk well, men should talk only about things that they really know about: another will tell us that they should talk only about things that really interest them, and another, that they should talk only about things that are really important. Others, philosophers again, no less weighty, will lay it down as a golden and universal rule, that, quite irrespective of what they know or care about men who would talk well, should talk about

things not people. Every one of these opinions, taken by itself, can be easily shown to be completely and even grotesquely wrong; and would make the unfortunate person who acted on it, a weariness and a terror to his or to her friends. If men were to talk only about subjects which they thoroughly understood, the larger part of our acquaintances would probably never talk at all; and those who did talk, would do so only at rare intervals. We should also lose the pleasure which we derive at present from their blunders. If men were to talk only about subjects that really interested them, every man would be talking his own "shop," quite regardless of whether it interested the rest of the company. One of the chief essentials of good general conversation, is that they who take part in it, should, by an act of imaginative sympathy, share the interests of others, instead of confining themselves to their own. If men set themselves to talk only about things that were really important, we should find that conversation was always degenerating into controversy; because no two people, in any average company, would agree as to what was important, and what was very much the reverse: whilst if we adopted the counsel of perfection addressed to us by advisers such as Mr. Herbert Spencer, and sought to talk only of things, and avoided all discussion of people, we should be excluding the one topic for the sake of which all others are interesting. No doubt conversation made up altogether of gossip is not conversation of the highest and most satisfying kind: but no conversation will be interesting for any length of time from which the discussion of individuals is rigidly and systematically excluded.

The truth is that good conversation is not only a part of life, but is also a reflection of life; and contains and owes its colour to as many interests as life does. Thus all the above prescriptions for conversing well represent a fragment of the truth; but none represents more than a fragment; whilst, taken by itself, each represents a falsehood. Each of them is, however, constantly acted on; and thus enables us to see, by experience, how complete the falsehood is. For example, at dinner in a Highland shooting-lodge, the men of the party invariably talk about things, not persons. They talk about what interests them personally; they talk about what they consider important; they talk about things they know about. They fulfil in short all the requirements of the philosophers. In a word, they talk about the stags they have killed or missed, the merits of their rifles, the wind, the weather, and the distances from which their shots were fired. They talk about these things, and they talk about nothing else. At Monte Carlo they talk about the tables—their winnings, their losses, what did happen when they put their money on red, what would have happened if they had only left it on black; they talk about runs, intermissions, numbers, and all the sublime philosophy of chance. Or let us turn to the conversation of women, when they find themselves together after dinner. The subjects which absorb men vary with their pursuits at the moment. Their pursuits vary with the seasons of the year, and with the localities, the counties, the countries which they happen to be in; but women have one subject which is never out of place or out of season; and this subject is dress. Would half a dozen ladies, talking chifflon with the most exquisite seriousness, satisfy the requirements of Mr. Herbert Spencer? We think not. And yet conversation about dress is conversation about things, not people. The fact is that conversation of any one kind, pursued for any length of time, is not conversation at all; it is discussion: and discussion is only a very small part of conversation, and is almost entirely wanting in the element of it that is most essential—an element we shall recur to presently.

First, however, we will point out one almost invariable feature of the imperfect forms of conversation at which we have just been glancing. They are forms of conversation which usually take place among men when they are apart from women, or among women when they are apart from men: and as soon as the sexes meet, the character of the conversation changes. A group of men in the smoking-room of a country house are talking before dinner about dogs, or guns, or politics, or the Stock Exchange, or perhaps about some question of scholarship, or even scientific discovery. When they

assemble shortly afterwards in the drawing-room, and the ladies of their party join them, their absorbing subjects are dropped, or are only faintly alluded to. Other topics spring up; and what is still more characteristic of the change—these other topics are treated in a totally different way. Now what is it precisely that has happened, and for what reason has it happened? What has happened may be described thus. When the men were discussing their various topics among themselves each subject was treated as a matter of isolated, of technical, of quasi-professional interest. It was not treated under any of those wider aspects, which exhibit its connexion with human life generally. But the moment these same subjects are referred to in the company of women, the technical treatment of them disappears or tends to disappear, and men begin to talk of them, and see them in various lights and relations of which, when they talk to other men, their minds have no cognisance. These subjects are treated now with reference not to themselves so much as to the entire life, tastes, and character of the speaker; and an atmosphere of sympathy, imagination, and reflection, begins to clothe them with softness, brightness and colour.

Now what is the reason of this? One reason is, no doubt, to be found in the fact that the great majority of women, unlike men, do not devote themselves exclusively to any special and absorbing pursuits. Their presence therefore tends to widen and generalise the subjects of conversation, because the wider and more general aspects of things are the aspects of things with which they are most familiar. But besides this reason, there is another, and as yet more important one, which lies not in the usual circumstances of women, but in their natural character. Women may not, as a rule, be better educated than men; but they are, as a rule, in a certain sense, more cultivated. They perceive more readily and more instinctively than men do, the ultimate bearing of the objective world on the subjective. They recognise that for us, as human beings, the value and the significance of things lie in what we feel them to be—that our personal feelings are, as it were a lens, in which all the world of external fact is focalised. Particulars, in the feminine mind, tend always to translate themselves into universals: and the reason of this lies in the fact that the sympathetic, and, what we may call the emotionally synthetic, faculties are in women stronger than they are in men. Women therefore tend to make conversation human, and social, rather than technical, because they introduce into it their own power of emotional synthesis.

The most important, however, of the conversational effects produced by them, still remains to be noticed. We have thus far considered conversation merely as a means of interchanging knowledge of facts, and expression of feelings: but it fulfils another function besides this. Conversation is a means not only of communicating our ideas and feelings to others. It is a means also of impressing our own personalities on them, and it is its employment to this end that is specially stimulated by women. A man talks to men in order to commend his ideas to them. He talks to women in order to commend himself. Misogynists often declare that women spoil conversation—that they tend to reduce it to what is contemptuously described as "small talk." But small talk is far from being so trifling as many people think it. The actual observations of which it is made up, regarded as mere statements, may be hardly worth making. What gives them importance is the way in which they are made. They are mere vehicles, saturated with the elusive spirit of character and temperament, just as pieces of cotton wool may be saturated with spirits of wine; and character and temperament exhale from them as they are spoken and interchanged. Everything depends not on what these sayings are, but on how they are said; and it is the presence of women that gives to the manner of conversation this special quality which makes it more important than the matter. But the manner now in question is no mere idle grace, or superficial polish. It need not of necessity be graceful or polished at all; nor does the fact of the importance it acquires in consequence of the presence of women, mean that women think the accidents of life more

important than the essentials. The importance of manner in conversation when women are present, means merely that in intercourse between men and women, character and personality are more important than intellect—that what men are is more important than what they think or do; and that what a man thinks, or what he does, is in a woman's eyes, of value principally as indication of what he is. The estimate formed by women of what men are, is one of the most potent agencies of moral and social civilisation; and the effect which the presence of women produces on conversation is only a comprehensive example of the influence which it produces on life.

GERMAN AND ENGLISH MUSIC.

MR. VERNON BLACKBURN is a musical critic well known to readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW. His good work has frequently been praised here. His bad work (and the cleverest of us occasionally do bad work) has sometimes been condemned. It is as well to say at the outset that all Mr. Blackburn's work, wherein he differs from me, is to me bad work. Mr. Blackburn occasionally differs from me, and then I merely reprove him. I do not hurl scornful words at him as I do at the critics who drop h's or write band-parts for instruments of which they have not taken the trouble to learn the compass. I merely point out to him with the greatest tenderness that as he does not think with me he must be wrong. This, I take it, indicates a wonderfully reasonable mental attitude. It is impossible to disagree with a man and at the same time agree with him; it is impossible to think that he may be right when you are convinced that you are right in thinking the exact contrary to him. Yet it is as ridiculous to quarrel with a man for thinking the exact contrary to you as to quarrel with him because his hair and eyes are not the same colour. All one can do is gently to bring him to his senses by pointing out to him that he *does* differ from you. This method I have employed not only with regard to Mr. Blackburn, but with regard to other critics for whom I have a respect. But how has Mr. Blackburn repaid my great kindness? By writing a book—a whole book—to prove me in the wrong! Nothing so preposterous was ever dreamed of since the whale swallowed Jonah. Here I have Mr. Blackburn's book, "Bayreuth and Munich: a Travelling Record of German Operatic Art," published by the Unicorn Press (which is much given to publishing musical books). And here, so early as page 14, he calls me "one very clever and penetrating critic" and then proceeds to describe himself as being "in the profoundest and most confident disagreement" with me. It is not easy to conceive anyone as being in the "profoundest" disagreement with me; but how much more difficult it is to understand how anyone should disagree with me and at the same time feel "most confident." And yet, yet, one must be very confident indeed to turn away from my theory of "Parsifal." That loathsome operetta, with its ballet-girls in the second act and its ballet-men in the first and third acts, needs a bold man to defend it. Mr. Blackburn, as a bare matter of fact, does not defend it, does not make any real attempt to defend it. He falls back on the old "sense of sin" and on renunciation as a cure for the world's great heritage of woe, and avoids the very thing which I find so disagreeable in "Parsifal"—its positive nastiness. That Wagner in his old age did not take the same view of life as I take—that is nothing; that he believed certain abstinences to be the cure for the disagreeable things of life—that also is nothing; all negative things amount necessarily to nothing. But in "Parsifal" he not only advocated certain abstinences: he advocated certain indulgences; and those indulgences are to me, as I believe they must be to every healthy-minded man, filthy. This is strong language; but there are times when strong language must be used. Mr. Blackburn is healthy enough; but he is perverse; and, like a few other sane critics, he refuses to see or to hear "Parsifal" as it is. I do not propose to discuss the whole question again once. The sooner "Parsifal" falls into the limbo of forgotten things the better. It has a disagreeable odour.

It is my firm conviction that Mr. Blackburn wrote this book with the primary intention of attacking me for my views on "Parsifal," but incidentally he has dealt with a number of other very much more important matters. The attack on Villa Wahnfried and Villa Wahnfried's mismanagement of the Bayreuth opera-house is one of the most terrible yet made: it is all the more terrible because it is so temperate, so dispassionate. Mr. Blackburn treats Bayreuth as already fallen into the third or fourth class of German opera-houses. "It shines," he says, "with a reflected light." Richard would have been appalled to think that his opera-house was ever to shine with only a reflected light. "Bayreuth," Mr. Blackburn insists, "having been the pillar of fire by night and of cloud by day, seems to have nearly accomplished its labours. . . . Munich . . . has carried all that is finest and most significant in Wagnerism into the reproduction of Mozart's most exquisite work. Bayreuth came as a teacher, a prophet, a reformer; and it is doing its work still, at Munich and elsewhere, even though, in the sunset of its own 'Parsifal,' it seems to be sinking into a night of downright and immediate darkness." This proposition he establishes by a series of accounts of Munich representations, showing in the most elaborate detail how Mozart's operas can be, and are, finely played, and almost converted into music-dramas by mere faithfulness to the composer's intentions. Then, after allowing the Bayreuth performances of "The Mastersingers" and "Parsifal" to be good, he damns everything else that they do there, ending with an account of Master Siegfried's "Bärenhäuter," intended to show how little may be expected from Master Siegfried. It has been persistently rumoured for many months that this work is to be given at Bayreuth; and if that indeed happens, it will, as Mr. Blackburn remarks, sound "the knell of Wagner's German theatre." It may be added that the truth of the rumour has never been denied by the Bayreuth crowd: rather their attitude has been "Why not?" Why not, indeed! Bayreuth, as I have repeatedly pointed out here, and as Mr. Blackburn shows in considerable detail in this little book, has done its work: let it go. Before leaving the book, I may say that it is an experiment in publishing which will be watched with some interest. There are some sixty odd pages, and the price is one shilling: it is therefore rather a pamphlet than a book.

While Mr. Blackburn has been holding forth to this tune on German operatic music, Germany has been taking a simultaneous revenge by printing an account of English music, operatic and non-operatic. A society seems to have been formed recently in Leipzig, by name the "Internationale Musik-Gesellschaft," and it has persuaded a Dr. Charles Maclean to send it this account, and it has published the account in its "Zeitschrift." We come out very badly. Musicians, musical critics, new operas, new symphonies and works of all kinds, are set in rows, and placed first, second and third in an amazingly dogmatic manner according to merit. Before taking the document seriously, it is only fair to ask who on earth Dr. Charles Maclean may be and what his qualifications are for performing in a few pages, and apparently in a very short time, a task that might well occupy an expert many months and fill three or four hundred pages. I can answer nothing: the fame of Dr. Maclean as a critic, either of music, or musicians, or critics, has never reached my ears. And as I do not find his judgments of the sort to be taken seriously, I decline to take them seriously. As an example of his extreme rashness, I may mention that he describes me as a man of "extraordinary abilities;" and as an example of his extreme caution, it may be added that he describes me further as thinking and writing in "reckless extremes." He seems to think it wrong to hold an opinion, or at least to express it. And finally, as an example of his total ignorance of the situation, in classing the critics, he places us in an order calculated to make everyone concerned squeal with delirious laughter, and also he wrongly describes some of us as holding posts which we do not hold. If a man only at intervals writes a few paragraphs for, say, the SATURDAY REVIEW, it is surely at best a misuse of language to call him Mr. — of the SATURDAY REVIEW; and though Dr. Maclean has made no such

mistake with regard to the SATURDAY REVIEW, he has made it with regard to other journals. Needless to say, a writer of Dr. Maclean's calibre falls back on such generalities as "— was considered a poor art-production gorgeously trapped," whereas, if votes are to be counted at all in art matters, which they should not be, the work to which he refers won the admiration of all the more competent critics and met with opposition only from those who disliked the personality of the composer or had had some quarrel with him. So, on the whole, one need not pay much attention to Dr. Maclean and his ill-written "account," and it is to be hoped that someone will tell our musical friends in Vienna the truth about the matter. A carefully planned and written pamphlet like Mr. Blackburn's is quite a different thing from the unenlightened effusion of a musical doctor.

If Busoni always plays as well as he played on Wednesday, especially in twelve of the Chopin studies, then I must have been in error about him. I have never heard these particular studies played so well before. Such lightness, certainty, fire, and beauty of tone, have not been heard from one pianist for many a long day in London; and I would certainly recommend everyone to hear him at his next recital. So much I cannot say for a pair of young ladies who gave a dramatic and vocal recital in S. James' Hall on Tuesday afternoon. Miss Cordelia Grylls sang prettily, but in an amateurish way; and I dare say Miss Ellen Bowick's recitation was good enough, if only recitations with musical accompaniments could be tolerated at all. I cannot tolerate them. It is impossible to listen to the words because the music keeps interfering, nor to the music because of the incessant harsh effect of the voice. People should not be allowed to do such things. If Miss Bowick will recite without music, probably my colleague Max would listen to her; but her recitations with music are the affair neither of Max nor of me.

J. F. R.

MISS FLETCHER'S PLAY.

THE public, forgetting that some things need no demonstration, seldom misses a chance of proving that it is an ape-faced baboon. Accordingly, it hooted at the end of the second act of "The Canary," and even made some interruptions while the last act was proceeding. I was annoyed, even disgusted, by its conduct. Hooting, even at the end of a play, is, in my opinion, quite disgraceful and outrageous. If the author has written a play which does not seem to the public a good play, is that any reason why the author should be treated as an impostor and malefactor? Plays are the only works of art on which the public can stamp indirectly its approval or disapproval. What the public thinks of a play does not, artistically, matter more than what it thinks of a book or a picture. But it is too much to expect the public not to value its opinion and express it as often as it can. I merely suggest that hooting is quite superfluous. Silence would surely be a more decent, and not a less effective, expression of disapproval. I know that there are many critics who uphold the public's right to hoot, but I suspect that their attitude means, not that they have any sincere conviction in the matter, but that they delight in witnessing a brawl. Even they, however, have never contended that the public is justified in hooting before the end of a play. Interruptions are all very well at a political meeting: they give the speaker a chance of making effective retorts and so forth. But actors and actresses are tongue-tied to the dialogue of the play, and have no means of defence. The very fact that they are not responsible for the words spoken by them should prevent any brute from trying to disconcert and dishearten them at their work. Nor is my objection merely in behalf of the mimes. These interruptions are often exasperating to many persons in the audience. "The Canary" happened to be a very clever and pretty piece of work. It was original, and made demands on one's intelligence. I wanted to listen to it with both ears, and the fear that the fools who had been interrupting might, at any moment, interrupt again prevented me from doing so. In such circumstances, no critic can do justice to a play. I am quite sure that

Mr. Archer's opinion of "The Canary" is the result of the public's noisiness on the first night. He was distracted, and so, despite his perspicacity, he missed the point of the play. He tells us that the author had merely travestied the situations frequently found in serious plays, and that her work was in no sense a satire on life. He is, if I may say so, quite wrong. "The Canary" is a very delicate, malicious satire on a certain type of existing persons—the persons who, leading uneventful lives, try to reproduce, and do succeed in travestying, the emotions and adventures which they have found in books or plays. A really romantic nature, with romantic opportunities, is a very rare thing. Most of the romance in modern life is merely faked from books. Given a sentimental, vapid woman, with a prosaic husband and a subscription to *Mudie's*, you may be pretty sure that she will pose, pretend and idealise, and be on the look out for someone to pose, pretend and idealise with her. Of course, she may end by finding real emotions; but the chances are that her emotions will be conditioned by what she has read. Such a lady is Mrs. Temple-Martin, in "The Canary," and Miss Fletcher presents her flutterings with great skill and humour. Mrs. Temple-Martin meets a young man who is as vapid as herself, and as indifferent to her as she is to him; thus, nothing serious occurs, and the play is kept within the bounds of farcical comedy. In real life, Mrs. Temple-Martin might, of course, have met a man who would have taken advantage of her. To a clever and unscrupulous man such ladies are a fairly easy prey. But their case would have been alien to Miss Fletcher's light intent. I think, however, that Miss Fletcher might have made her play even more true and amusing if she had let the lover be a prosaic man, genuinely attracted by Mrs. Temple-Martin, and without the intelligence to understand her. By making the lover a person of the same temperament as the lady, Miss Fletcher has cut the safest ground from under her feet. It is unlikely that either of the two would have gone beyond furtive flirtation, whereas it is necessary for the fun of the play that there should be, at least, some attempt at elopement. Miss Fletcher makes Mrs. Temple-Martin take the initiative; but, though the result is amusing, one feels that the real Mrs. Temple-Martin never would have left her husband's "roof," and that Miss Fletcher, in making her do so, has gone dangerously near to making her not ridiculous. The lover ought certainly to have been a sane and unimaginative, but ardent, creature. The contact of the two would have made an even better motive than Miss Fletcher has chosen. I once heard of a curious incident in real life, which I commend to Miss Fletcher's attention. A rather pretty, rather silly lady met at a tea-party a distinguished soldier. She talked to him in the vein peculiar to her and to many of her kind. She said that women ought to live their own lives, that the conventions were all wrong, that life was made up of exquisite moments, that fidelity was so drab, and so on. The soldier asked if he might call. Next day, he called. She was alone, and he went straight to the point: he said that he loved her. She rushed to the bell, screaming. The soldier seized his hat and rushed down the stairs and out of the house, under the impression that he had been lured into a blackmailer's den. Miss Fletcher might have made this incident, or something like it, the basis of her play. But I am concerned, after all, with the play as she has written it, and I find it a delicious farcical comedy. Miss Fletcher is to be congratulated on having been content to accept the limitations of her sex, to write lightly and slyly and prettily, without attempting to be grim or strong or in any way terrible. Mrs. Campbell was irresistibly amusing as the heroine, playing with all the solemnity and intensity which would mark the behaviour of the real Mrs. Temple-Martin. And the rest of the cast were all good, except—for once—Miss Rosina Filippi, who seemed afraid of her part.

(Enter HORACE PARKER.)

H. P.—It's beastly cold."

When, in the solitude of his study, Mr. Richard Ganthony, author of "A Message from Mars," wrote these simple words, did he, I wonder, foresee that they would one day drive an audience to the verge of

hysterics? Did he, in the manner of Thackeray, drop his pen and ejaculate "By Jove! That's genius"? I doubt it. The use of "beastly" as an adverb is common enough in our vernacular, and is not to be relied on as a lever for laughter. Nor is the idea of cold weather, in itself, very ridiculous. True, if the action of the play passed in summer, Horace Parker's line might have a kind of incongruity; but the time is mid-winter: there is "snow without," and Horace Parker enters in a fur coat. Would that Mr. Ganthony had been, not (as announced) in America, but present at the Avenue, to see the audience rocking, and me, even me, smiling, when Horace Parker (Mr. Charles Hawtrey) said that it was beastly cold! Successful dramatists (of whom Mr. Ganthony is now one) are apt to be uppish. They subscribe so quickly to that old doctrine of theorists who don't go inside theatres: that the actor is but a will-less puppet, an empty vessel to be filled, a conch to be blown through. And how wrong they are! Put a good actor into a bad part, and the part will generally seem good to the public; and *vice versa*—the dramatist is quick enough to accept that converse. Let a popular comedian come on, saying that it's beastly cold, and the result must ever be that which I noted at the Avenue. But perhaps Mr. Ganthony does not need to be enlightened. I suspect that he wrote his play with (at least) one eye on Mr. Hawtrey; else, surely, he would not have taken the trouble he has taken to make Scrooge a modern young man, of the type in which Mr. Hawtrey excels, and to give him so many lines of the kind which Mr. Hawtrey speaks so well. ("It's beastly cold" is not a fair sample of Mr. Ganthony's work: his dialogue is full of very real and agreeable humour.) He would have commandeered the old Scrooge, and the old Marley's ghost, as he found them, and would have left modernity and Mr. H. G. Wells severely alone. And I do not doubt that his play would have achieved a great success somewhere, for he seems to have quite a considerable talent for dramatic writing; but its success would have been paltry in comparison with that which it will now achieve at the Avenue. Here, indeed, is every symptom of a prolonged, far-reaching triumph. The sentiments of forty years ago, an up-to-date setting, and Mr. Hawtrey—three things which are very near to the heart of the public! The selfish young man of the period compelled by a good Spirit to distribute eighty-two pounds in the street, and to perform sundry other deeds of mercy, while "Follow the Man from Cook's" is played by the orchestra! The good Spirit, hailing from Mars, can and does work all kinds of miracles and illusions on the stage, in the intervals of getting the community pauperised; and I need not say that Mr. Hawtrey follows the Man from Maskelyne and Cook's to the goal of perfect redemption. There is also a struggling inventor, a long-lost daughter, and a ragged child who, being asked whether he is happy, says "Happy? What's that?" In fact, I have never seen a play so obviously stamped with the scarlet seal of success. Either it will run interminably in London, in the provinces, in America, in Australasia, and, indeed, wherever men speak the language it is written in, or my name is not

MAX.

THE RIVER WAR.

[We have much pleasure in printing the following notes, which we have received from a well-known staff-officer, who turned to account part of his leisured but not idle time on the "Dunottar Castle" in the examination of Mr. Winston Churchill's latest book.—ED. S. R.]

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Under the appropriate title of "The River War," the son of Lord Randolph Churchill has set himself the task of relating the whole story of the long-drawn struggle for the mastership of the Nile Valley, between the years of Mr. Gladstone's abandonment of Gordon and the "crowning mercy" of Omdurman and its outcome. A story used to be told of how the author's father was once setting forth his views as to the manner in which an orator could best

command the attention of his audience. Lord Randolph's contention was that the very opening words of every public speech should contain some astounding or at any rate remarkable statement, which would infallibly rivet his audience and so compel their attention during the remainder of the discourse. It is no exaggeration to say that readers of Mr. Winston Churchill's book will, in the earliest pages of the first chapter, albeit there is nothing astounding nor remarkable in it, be captivated by the attractive manner in which he deals with a topic, so apparently unattractive as "The Military Soudan." All who have travelled in the Nile Valley will marvel at his terse, yet vivid descriptions of that region which will assuredly recall to them scenes, possibly long forgotten, of their own sojourn under the mysterious influences of the great river. The general reader will, on the other hand, be delighted at the brevity combined with the clearness of style with which the conditions of life of the whole region are so gracefully outlined. Having once thus secured the attention of his audience the author, in a manner as unconscious as it is pleasing, successfully retains the same throughout the book, the interest indeed growing apace as we proceed from the account of the long years of preparation to the last months of action and consummation. In fact, throughout, the book appeals to every class of reader. The smallest but probably at the same time, by far the most critical class, will be those military men who have taken part in the arduous expeditions and varied operations of the period embraced. These will, as they pass from page to page, be fairly astonished at the extraordinary accuracy of the youthful author in matters which are so notoriously difficult to deal with as are all facts connected with contemporaneous military history. This surprise will not be lessened when it is realised that the author never set foot in the Nile Valley until the autumn of 1898, when, as a young officer of Hussars, aged 23, he served with the 21st Lancers in the final advance on Khartoum.

The book may be truly described as the clearest and most complete account yet published of the great drama on the Nile which has been played fitfully before the public for sixteen long years and has caused a sense of bewilderment and weariness to so many. They who have already followed the wonderful tale of England in Egypt in 1882 as told by Sir Alfred Milner and who are well posted in all details of the political, military and economical questions involved in one of the most remarkable evolutions of modern times, will appreciate the uncommon sense of proportion evinced by Mr. Winston Churchill throughout the whole narrative. No situation is described or line of action discussed without a thorough consideration of all the factors bearing on the case and this is done so artlessly and yet so artistically that the reader is never wearied nor confused by the necessary digressions from the main narrative. The "Rebellion of the Mahdi" prepares the way for the terribly sad story, so often told and yet so ever-absorbing of the abandonment of Gordon, which is now admirably retold under the significant title of "The Fate of the Envoy." We read of the abortive, albeit bloody victories around Suakin and of the offer of Sir Herbert Stewart to make a dash across the desert to Berber with a thousand fighting men and how this offer fell through because it was ruled that British soldiers could not be sent on such a forlorn hope unless duly accompanied by the various Departments, to wit, signallers, ordnance, commissariat and transport and chaplains—so that they might, in the words of the author, be "signalled to, armed, fed or prayed for as befitted the dignity of the nation to which they belonged." The objection to the scheme was that, without these Departments, the men who fell out would have to be left behind to take their chance. Thus the proposal fell through, the idea of the possible loss of a hundred or two hundred men, overweighing all considerations for the national honour or the safety of Gordon. This was early in 1884; less than a year later the same gallant General made the historic dash across the Bayuda desert with very similar numbers, only to lay down his own life and that of many brave officers and men in battles in which his force twice suffered

decimation—too late to be of any use. In the six pages devoted to this desperate undertaking the author draws a graphic picture of the desert war and gallant attempt of Sir Charles Wilson to reach Khartoum. For once, he falls into a minor error in describing the march of the "tiny square" at the battle of El Gubat or Abu Kru, by describing how Metemma and the palm groves of the Nile were in view during the battle. No such sight cheered the gaze of the men who fought their way for four miles through the vast hordes of dervishes on that memorable day. The square had already marched twenty-four miles by compass through the desert and had, in its advance to the river, still to be guided on a compass-bearing. The Nile although known to lie in front was not actually sighted until the moment when what remained of that weary and war-stricken band, painfully carrying with them their wounded comrades, actually topped the sandstone hills bordering on the great river. Mr. Churchill has adopted the version of the death of Gordon which, in all probability, will be the one finally accepted by history. It is interesting to note that this version was the one first brought to the Intelligence Department a few days after the fall of Khartoum.

At a time when the British Empire is so profoundly stirred by the efforts to redress in South Africa yet one more of Mr. Gladstone's blunders—if indeed crimes is not a more suitable word—Mr. Churchill's summary of the abandonment of Gordon and shocking and useless expenditure of blood and treasure in the Soudan is to the point.

"The case against Mr. Gladstone's administration is so black that historians will be more likely to exercise their talents in finding explanations and excuses, than in urging their indictment." Recalling, as we all can, the vigorous efforts of Lord Randolph Churchill to galvanise the Prime Minister into action, which succeeded, alas! too late to save Gordon or the Honour of England, one cannot but sympathise with the enthusiasm of the son, who recognises in the changed spirit of the nation in recent years the workings of "the freshening breeze of Tory Democracy by which pride in the past and hope in the future came back to the English people." The chapter dealing with "The Dervish Empire" is well worth studying. A more appalling summary of wanton bloodshed and nameless horrors it is impossible to conceive; it forms a fitting memorial to the statesmanship of the man who applauded these fiendish savages as "a people rightly struggling to be free"! The greater part of the first volume was written whilst Mr. Churchill was quartered with his regiment in India. With the second volume we enter into a part of the river war in which he took an active part. He gives his personal experiences of the move of the 21st Lancers from Cairo to Atbara—he having been attached to that regiment and commanded a troop in it during the campaign. The accounts of the Cavalry Reconnaissance on Kernerri on 1 September, of the Battle of Khartoum and of the charge of the 21st Lancers, in which he rode and which by the way, he endeavours to defend, are all extremely graphic. The book, which is dedicated to Lord Salisbury, is well supplied with excellent maps and plans, and is altogether a most able exposition of the intricate history of the "River War." Mr. Winston Churchill is to be congratulated on having produced what will in all probability come to be viewed as the standard work on the subject.

I am yours obediently,
STAFF-OFFICER.

FINANCE.

THE week has been a very quiet one on the Stock Exchange and the general tone has not been particularly good, but has, on the contrary, tended towards dulness. It would be necessary to go back some time, in fact, to find a parallel for the stagnant condition of markets as a whole. Circumstances have not been propitious to active dealing. The shadow of dear money continues to obscure the outlook, and there is no prospect of any clearing of the situation on this side of the new year. The course of the war to date

has also occasioned some disappointment. That the outcome will be in full accordance with the general expectation no one for a moment doubts, and Lord Methuen's victory we may take as an earnest of better things to come. But the slowness of the forward movement, the lack of definitely good news, and the activity of the enemy have brought about a check in dealings and have upset the calculations of many impatient individuals who expected things to move cheerfully from the moment the first reinforcements should begin to arrive. It is becoming recognised that the rise in prices, and especially in South Africans, has been carried about high enough in the absence of decisive engagements and a really brisk advance. That the market is capable of further expansion is indubitable. Much of that appreciation of values which will follow and be quite justified by the assurance of better government in the Transvaal has probably been discounted, but no consideration of that sort will avail much to hold back the movement once the impetus has been given.

The weakness of Consols has been one of the most prominent features of the week, and quite a number of hypotheses have been offered to account for the continuous selling. On Thursday of last week they touched 104½ for money. On the same day of this week they went to 102½, and though there was a rally on the maintenance of the Bank rate at 5 per cent., yesterday saw another fall to below 103. A gradual recognition of the fact that in a relatively short time Consols will carry only 2½ per cent. interest is responsible for much of the recession from the highest figure—111½—reached by this security during the current year, but special influences have been at work to bring about the depression of the last week or two. The selling has certainly emanated from good quarters, and one suggestion referred it to the desire of the Japanese Government to realise in order to take up Treasury bills, while another attributes it to the Bank of England with the view of lifting money from the market early next month. Whatever the source, the broad fact is that Consols have not been in favour, and the stock that has come out for money payments has not been readily taken. The usual supporters have refrained from buying, finding it possible to obtain better returns for the present in other directions. In the end, there will be a recovery, of course, but it is possible that we have not yet reached the bottom of the downward movement. Certainly the market wish is that the price may go lower. It had discussed the possibility of a rise in the Bank rate this week, but there was nothing in the situation to look for such a movement at the moment. The return shows a slight improvement in the position. The withdrawals for abroad to the extent of £234,000 (including £101,000 "earmarked" for India) have been offset by the return of money from circulation: the note circulation is £117,000 lower, and the stock of coin and bullion is up by £13,000: so that the reserve is higher by £130,000, and the proportion to liabilities stands at 43·19 per cent. against 41·55 per cent. last week, though still 11½ per cent. below the figure of this time last year.

In Home Railways the week has been singularly devoid of features, and in the absence of a respectable measure of support prices have tended to go lower. In the present listless condition of the market a little realisation exercises a quite disproportionate effect on values, and when a rather big seller of Great Easterns appeared on Wednesday the result was a fall of a point. Districts went back when the exact terms of the proposed agreement with the South-Eastern and Chatham companies became generally known, but are picking up again. Chathams, on the other hand, have been a firm market and are worth taking up in preference to Dover A. It was made manifest, when the last half-yearly report was issued, that the Chatham company had got the better of the bargain with the South-Eastern, notwithstanding Mr. Cosmo Bonson's assurance that his company would benefit, in the long run, quite as much as the other. Moreover, the Paris Exhibition traffic cannot fail to be of great advantage to the Chatham. The experience of past exhibitions, when Little Chathams have

stood considerably higher than to-day, should be of good augury for the next one. In view of the excellence of the traffics, Great Western stock is also worthy of attention. The comparison is no longer with the very poor period of the Welsh coal strike; the increase of £17,120 this week compares with an increase of £9,460 last year, and the total improvement for the second half of this year to date amounts to £392,730. Traffics as a whole have again been good, the more noteworthy being the £6,711 of the North-Eastern, the £4,710 of the North-Western, and the £4,765 of the Great Central. For the Midland an increase of only £871 is recorded, and we again hear of the effect of Great Central competition with this company, though there is a disposition to make a great deal too much of any kernel of truth which there may be in the matter. The situation in Home Railways as a whole is decidedly healthy, and we anticipate a marked revival of activity in this section before very long. We may note in passing that there has been a small demand for Central London shares. The line should be opened in the summer of next year, and at the present price, about 10½, these shares seem to be worth picking up.

When referring in our last issue to the immediately beneficial influence on the American market of Mr. Secretary Gage's offer to purchase Government bonds, we expressed doubts as to whether the remedy would prove efficacious. It is becoming apparent that the American people are not anxious to sell their bonds, and that the proposal, good as it is in the abstract, bids fair to be at least a partial failure. The last Bank statement was distinctly more pleasant to contemplate, from one point of view, than its predecessor. Thanks to the curtailment of facilities, the surplus reserve is now very little short of the legal requirements, and the forthcoming statement should see the balance wholly restored. Meantime, the market here has been steady for the most part with an inclination towards firmness. But there has been little operating on English account, and the market has been supported mainly from New York. Southern Pacifics have been one of the best features, thanks to the good traffics and the prospects. Baltimore and Ohio and Chesapeake have been among the prominent stocks and Southern Preferred have been a good market, though the price seems to be quite high enough for comfort. We should be disposed to say that there is much more in Atchison Preferred at present quotations.

We have touched in the opening paragraph upon the situation in Kaffir mines, and that market has been so quiet this week that there remains little to add here. There has been a partial cessation of support, pending developments of a definite and favourable character in connexion with the war, and just now this section may be said to be marking time. Lord Methuen's victory is something, but the market is looking more to Natal. When the forward movement begins in earnest and is followed by some good victories, the market will respond, and then it is not easy to see where it will stop. A factor to be observed in this connexion is the attitude of France and Germany. These countries have sold considerably during the last few months and it is quite possible that they may turn round on favourable news and buy back at the higher prices. This will naturally afford a very appreciable stimulus to the upward movement. The impending relief of Kimberley draws particular attention to De Beers, and it is beyond doubt that as soon as Lord Methuen's forces have cleared off the Boers there will ensue a sharp rise in the shares of this property. The only thing that would tell against this advance would be the passing of the dividend. This is not at all probable, but at the same time it is possible. There can, however, be no valid reason for such a step and we decline to believe that the directors will decide upon it. The company is enormously wealthy, and possesses large reserves designed to meet an emergency such as the present. The cessation of work can only be temporary: the company must have derived advantage from the rise in the value of diamonds since the war, and presumably prices will not fall back to the normal level for some considerable interval after the danger

is over. There are many small investors who rely upon their dividends from De Beers wholly or in large degree, and the directors will not, we think, disappoint them—to say nothing of the larger holders—while there is no urgent necessity for doing so. Westralians have been a steady market, but the support has been fitful and in few cases very considerable, and as a result interesting points are few. The tendency, however, is towards firmness, and Lake Views have been a strong item, the buying here being good and so well sustained as to frighten the bears into covering. The proposed new issue had the effect of depressing Golden Links, and the market has heard so often of the tapping of the Lake View lode that the latest "demonstration" has been virtually of no effect, though the shares went better later in the week in sympathy with the rest of the market. Associateds have recovered from the effects of the adverse rumours touching the sulphide plant and have been bid for with some vigour. Boulders, Boulder Perseverance, Boulder South, Horseshoes, Ivanhoes and others mark slight advances.

Although the price has not fluctuated much, Anacondas have been a very quiet market and as a result of the decision of the Amalgamated Copper Company not to issue any reports in the future, people here are showing a very natural reluctance to touch them. As a fact, there is no inducement whatever to take up Anacondas, for the man who does so works in the dark, and the constitution of the Amalgamated Company does not exactly inspire confidence. It appears very probable that the market here will die out by the gradual drifting of the shares to America. If we are to believe their own word, the manipulators on the other side of the Atlantic could wish for nothing better—the absorption of Anaconda shares being, so they assure us, part of the game which they are playing. Apropos, it was generally understood that the "combine" increased its hold on the Anaconda by purchasing large blocks of shares in addition to those which gave it the control of the company. We have it on very high authority that the combine has not bought a single share apart from those comprised within the original deal. That transaction in itself carrying the control of the company's policy there was no particular reason why it should go on buying, except on the assumption that it considers Anacondas cheap at almost any price going, which does not seem reasonable.

The ordinary shares of the Pekin Syndicate, which stood at 8½ on the 13th inst., have advanced to £15 during the current week and in the same period the Founders' shares have gone up from 105 to 150. The rise is in connexion with the forthcoming issue of 900,000 Shansi shares, which is to be made in January next at the latest, for the purpose of opening up some of the coalfields belonging to the company in the provinces of Shansi and Honan and connecting them with the seaboard at Tientsin. The Pekin Syndicate is in such strong hands that the issue may be said to be practically assured.

ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The Nickel Corporation, Limited, appears with a capital of £750,000 in £5 shares, and it proposes to develop a group of nickel properties in New Caledonia. All the shares are offered, but priority of allotment is given to shareholders of the London and Globe Finance Corporation.

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LONDON: 25 NOVEMBER, 1899.

THE FRIENDS OF HOOKHAM FRERE.

"John Hookham Frere and his Friends." By Gabrielle Festing. London: Nisbet. 1899. 10s. net.

The title of this notice is a better description of Miss Festing's book than the one she has given it—there is so much about the Friends and so little about Hookham Frere. He is a shadowy figure in the background who has letters addressed to him by eminent or eccentric men and attractive women. There is little or nothing to show that the man himself was eminent, eccentric, gay, and attractive. We know that he did possess all these qualities, but we knew it before reading this volume. Miss Festing scarcely mentions the two things for which Hookham Frere is chiefly remembered—one for evil, the other for good. The advice which he gave, as British Minister in Madrid, to Sir John Moore has been defended by his nephew, the late Sir Bartle Frere, from the strictures passed upon that "indefatigable folly" by Sir William Napier; and it is quite arguable that he had better reasons than the Sir John Moore's apologist recognised for his confidence in the Spanish troops. That the question is more or less an open one is, however, no excuse for Miss Festing quietly putting it aside. Equally disappointing is her casual treatment of Hookham Frere's metrical versions of Aristophanes—the one solid result of an almost wasted talent.

Hookham Frere was, in fact, a brilliant failure as was his friend George Canning—not so brilliant, but more of a failure. At the outset of their careers it seemed as if the two Anti-Jacobins were certain to achieve the highest distinction in public life. Canning, as all the world knows, came to grief through his petulant opposition to Addington. Frere simply frittered himself away for want of energy and ambition. No more signal proof of his constitutional indecision exists than his treatment of the bright and engaging woman to whom he was quite sincerely devoted. Lady Erroll, as appears from the delightful letters contained in this volume, was pining for love of him; yet for years he kept her dangling, and when, both being advanced in middle life, he did at last make her his wife, he spent the best part of his wedding-day in Mr. Murray's parlour. The publisher pressed him to stay to dinner, and it was only then that Frere casually remarked that he had been married in the morning, and "Lady Erroll was waiting for him to take her into the country." Yet, in justice to his memory, it must be said that he proved the tenderest of husbands as he had been the most dilatory of lovers. It was for the sake of her health, that, having failed in diplomacy, and being therefore free to return to England, he sentenced himself to exile in Malta. But after her death he stayed on, probably because it was too much trouble to break with old habitudes.

Yet he was by no means an indolent man, only an incurable dilettante. If his own published and completed work does not amount to very much he spent an infinity of pains on other people's labour. He was, in fact, one of the most sympathetic and generous of literary patrons, and he was so fine a gentleman that he had the art of conferring pecuniary favours without hurting the sensibilities of such men as Coleridge and Gabriele Rossetti. Even the visionary Wolff, who wished to convert the kingdom of Timbuctoo to the tenets of the Church of England, and refused, even for that sacred end, to touch a penny belonging to his wife (Lady Georgiana Walpole), consented to be financed, now and again, by Hookham Frere. The extraordinary thing is that a man of such piercing wit, so keen an intelligence, was induced to pay serious attention to such obviously misguided persons as Gabriele Rossetti and Joseph Wolff. The latter, indeed, he seems to have regarded more with admiration than with confidence. But the former fairly talked him over to belief in the crotchet that Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio were all members of a secret sect and exponents of the doctrine of Platonic love. The disciple even went beyond the master, applied this "key" to Chaucer, and declared him to be a partisan of the sect and an adept in the secret language. Nevertheless he rebelled when Rossetti proposed to make a Freemason of John Milton. "The existence of the Antipodes, the Copernican system," he replies, "were truths which at their first promulgation unhinged and disturbed many minds, and perhaps those of the discoverers among them. If this is the case with you, I trust the effects will be transient."

Here, perhaps, we detect a trace of Frere's native humour. It is unmistakeable when he advises his friend not to turn martyr for a theory. Some people might recommend him to defy public feeling and enunciate unpopular doctrines just because he believed them to be true. "It reminds me" he goes on "of a story which was told me in Lisbon. A Jew was going to be burnt, and the rabble of boys were very anxious to see him burnt alive, and proportionately apprehensive lest he should disappoint them by recanting. They therefore followed and encouraged him with shouts of 'Sta fermo, Mose! Sta fermo, Mose.' What is the use of undergoing persecution in life for the sake of being vindicated after death in some Biographical Dictionary under the letter R?" Besides, if Rossetti wanted to make a ferment, the proper scene would be in Italy (from which he was a refugee) not in this country. "In England people are too busy to trouble their heads about speculative opinions, and when it is once understood that these speculations are of a kind to prove dangerous to Society, Society, having other things to think of, contents itself with avoiding all notice of the Work or the Author." In using this last argument Frere showed how well he knew human nature. If one would dissuade an enthusiast from an open folly, it is not much good warning him that he will suffer for it. Convince him that he will be ignored, and he ceases to "testify."

As a biography, Miss Festing's work is, as we have already hinted, nearly worthless. But the letters of Lady Erroll are capital reading, every word of them. There is plenty of varied interest in the correspondence with Coleridge, Rossetti, and Wolff. There is solid history—or contributions to it—in the lengthy and detailed confidences between Canning and Frere as to the state of parties when Addington took office, though from this intimate view of both these brilliant young men it is impossible to confirm the opinion of Sir Walter Scott that they were "both too good for politics."

NOTES ON THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

"Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln and the Civil War." By James R. Gilmore. London: Macqueen. 1899. 12s.

Our experience has been that, as French memoirs are the best, so American are the worst in the world. We were therefore agreeably surprised in reading Mr. Gilmore's book. He not only has been himself intimately concerned in great events but he knew intimately one distinguished man, Abraham Lincoln, and had opportunities of observing his conduct at great crises. The absence of striking or attractive figures in American public life has made Lincoln the victim of every scribbler who had ever spoken to him, and many more who had not. The result has been an outpouring of blatant impertinences which have done much to obscure the character of a great man. Mr. Gilmore's book is a real contribution to history for he reveals to us some of the secret springs which worked great results. We have found his book full of interest.

Lincoln will not ultimately be remembered for any very brilliant conceptions or even for his power of always picking out the right men. In this matter his judgment was sometimes at fault. He clung obstinately to Seward when he should have shaken him off. But he had an invincible belief in his own destiny and dogged determination, and his loyalty to his generals through good and evil report at length carried the day. The Civil War was a repetition on an immense scale of Wellington's Waterloo. "They pounded and we pounded, but we pounded the longest." Lincoln was no fanatic. He was ready up to the last to offer handsome compensation out of the national Treasury to the slave-owners. Mr. Gilmore's narrative makes it quite clear that it was independence and not property that the Southern leaders were fighting for. A great Southern Empire that was to embrace Mexico and dominate South America was the vision that floated before their eyes. This was a dream that the North had every right to resist to the bitter end, as we have every right to resist the creation of a military Power in our South African Empire. It is singular that Mr. Gladstone should have hopelessly blundered in his judgment of Jefferson Davis as he did in his views on that simple herdsmen, President Kruger.

We cannot but admire the audacity and ingenuity which Mr. Gilmore displayed in penetrating into Richmond and securing the declaration of his real aims from the lips of the Southern President himself, and then returning to publish it far and wide in the "New York Tribune," thus securing the re-election of Lincoln. This is probably the most momentous interview ever undertaken by a journalist and certainly makes excellent reading. It is amusing to encounter in Richmond the author of "Benjamin on Sales," "a short plump oily little man in black and with a ponderous gold watch chain." In him Mr. Gilmore saw "no indication of extraordinary ability." Napoleon was probably right when he thought advocates but poor hands at conducting great affairs, but Benjamin in more ways than one may have been a useful right-hand man. Davis was the master mind.

How nearly the cause of the North was wrecked by internal dissensions in 1863 and 1864 may be read in the tale of the Draft Riots and of the great conspiracy in the West which was foiled by the skill and promptitude of one man alone. Apart from the intrinsic interest of these stories as contributions to history they form interesting ground for speculation as to the future of the United States. The American Government beyond all others would do well to beware of foreign complications. No country in the world possesses so vast an alien population, or one containing elements so hostile to civil order. The Draft Riots, which were within an ace of giving over

New York to rapine and massacre, were conducted almost entirely by the low Irish and criminal classes. Native-born Americans were conspicuous by their absence. After reading Mr. Gilmore's account of the Draft Riots it is impossible to avoid speculating as to what may be the outcome, if the grave labour troubles and the discontent already existing among the working classes should come to a head, and the disputes which have already been conducted with revolvers in other districts should break out where the overflow of Europe can swell the army of riot.

BISHOP SELWYN.

"Bishop John Selwyn. A Memoir." By F. D. How. London: Isbister. 1899. 7s. 6d.

This brief account of a very noble life will be welcome not only to all who are interested in Foreign Missions, but also to all who admire single-minded heroism. John Richardson Selwyn was predestined for the missionary's career. His father, the first Bishop of New Zealand, and subsequently Bishop of Lichfield, earned an apostolic reputation in the Melanesian Mission, and his own earliest recollections were connected with that enterprise. The exigencies of episcopal duty, which constantly separated the Bishop from his family, threw on Mrs. Selwyn the principal responsibility for his upbringing, and every page of this memoir bears witness to the extraordinary influence which she acquired over her son. He meditated going to the Bar but the combined influence of his father's example and his own enthusiasm for Bishop Patteson induced him to change his mind. At St. George's, Wolverhampton, he proved his capacity for pastoral work: but he was not destined for so commonplace a career as that of a parish priest. The martyrdom of Bishop Patteson in 1871 seemed to him a summons to the Melanesian Mission, to which he attached himself early in 1873. Almost immediately, though he had barely reached the canonical age of thirty, he was chosen by the Synod of the diocese to succeed the martyr as bishop. His consecration was postponed for three years by the prudence of the Australian bishops, but there was never any doubt of his fitness for the post. From his consecration in February 1877 to the day in July 1891 when he was carried, a broken and suffering man, on board H.M.S. "Rapid," he lived the life of an apostle. The biography of Bishop Patteson has familiarised the public with the labours and risks of the Melanesian Mission. Bishop Selwyn was in all respects a worthy successor of the martyr. His robust physique, indomitable courage, and singular attractiveness of disposition speedily gave him great influence over the islanders, for whom he evidently felt a deep affection, which on their part was abundantly returned. The verdict of Sir James Paget terminated his missionary work, and then for more than a year he lived the life of an invalid. A new and bright chapter in his career opened with his acceptance of the Mastership of Selwyn College, Cambridge, the institution which had been erected as a memorial to his father. No sharper contrast could be imagined than that between his Melanesian experiences and the academic dignity which now belonged to him. He himself exulted in the humour of the situation. "Every soul I consulted said 'Go,' and so I go, the very squarest peg in the very roundest hole the world has ever seen." The choice was a bold one, but it was fully justified by success. In the brief period of about five years the Bishop impressed himself on the life of the University, and on the fortunes of Selwyn College. Throughout his career he was much under feminine influence, though himself the manliest of men. His mother retained over him the authority which in his childhood she had naturally exercised. He was twice married, and both his wives shared his missionary fervour. His most frequent and intimate correspondents were women. It is, perhaps, surprising to learn that he was none the less an earnest opponent of women's degrees in the University. His Cambridge life was happy and useful, but his health had been irretrievably injured by the hardships he had undergone in Melanesia, he was a cripple, and in almost constant pain. On 12 February, 1898, at the comparatively early age of fifty-three years he died at Pau, amid universal regret. It remains to say that Mr. How has done his work as biographer with a self-restraint and good taste too often lacking in biographical composition.

THE ROYAL NAVY.

"The Royal Navy: a History from the Earliest Times to the Present." Vol. IV. By William Laird Clowes. London: Sampson Low. 1899. 25s. net.

There seems to be an unlimited demand in these days for information concerning the Navy, past and present, and Mr. Laird Clowes has understood how to minister to that demand. The fourth volume of his great work is now before us; and so much have Mr. Clowes and his assistants to say on the topics to which they severally devote themselves that it has been found necessary to increase the size of the work from five volumes to six. Mr. H. W. Wilson contributes a detailed account of the

minor operations of the Royal Navy between 1763 and 1802, describing innumerable actions between individual ships or small squadrons, each of which is a little history complete in itself. In 1777 the American Marine Committee determined to harass Great Britain in her own waters. Captain Paul Jones of the United States Navy, in what he himself described as "The American Continental ship, 'Ranger,'" was sent over for that purpose, and in a duel off Carrickfergus captured the British sloop "Drake" after a short action. But he achieved an even more remarkable success two years later when, in the "Bonhomme Richard" with a motley half-trained crew, he captured by sheer audacity and assurance the frigate "Serapis" in full view of the spectators on Flamborough Head. Mr. Clowes himself contributes a long chapter on major operations, which covers the period from 1793 to 1802, beginning with Howe's victory of the "Glorious First of June" and terminating with the Peace of Amiens. The chapter is essentially a record of naval history, and the author has happily not thought it necessary to turn aside to discuss the private life of Nelson. He does, however, severely condemn Nelson's action at Naples in 1799 at a moment when his conscience was unfortunately "Sicilified" and he was under the domination of a beautiful woman.

But the book is not wholly occupied with battles, and not the least interesting portions are the chapter on "Voyages and Discoveries" by Sir Clements Markham, and the "Civil History of the Navy from 1793 to 1802" again by Mr. Clowes himself. The most important voyages of discovery were those of Captain Cook, nor was it thought necessary to interfere with these even at a time when the attention of the naval authorities was devoted to meeting the combined forces of France and Spain. The utmost difficulty was experienced in obtaining men for the Fleet, and this is hardly matter for surprise when we read of the conditions of their service, and of the cruel treatment and barbarous punishments meted out to them. Bribe after bribe, under the name of bounties, was offered to induce men to join, sometimes as much being offered as £30. Considering the small number of men who probably were able to write, it is singular that another attraction to seamen should have been offered in the form of a reduction in 1795 of the postage on their letters to one penny from all parts of the world. The darkest pages in the book are those relating the story of the serious mutinies at Spithead and at the Nore. Our seamen, no doubt, had much to complain of, but firm as they were in their combined resistance to authority until their grievances should be remedied, they appear for the most part to have maintained a dignified and even loyal demeanour. Thus, even while the red flag of mutiny was actually flying at the masthead, the men on board the "Sandwich" fired a Royal salute on the King's birthday. The long succession of mutinies yielded ultimately to the vigour of some of the superior officers, and, be it remembered with satisfaction and pride, to the uniform loyalty and steadiness of the Royal Marines.

GOLD MILLING.

"A Handbook of Gold Milling." By Henry Louis. Second edition. London: Macmillan. 1899. 10s.

"Profit for the month £25,734 3s. 7d.; fine gold per ton 10 dwts. 17 grs." "Profit for the quarter £91,805 4s. 2d.; fine gold per ton 10.1 dwts." "Profit for the month £20,543 9s. 8d.; fine gold per ton 23.34 dwts." These are items from three recently issued reports of gold mines. Each of them is buried in a mass of other figures, but each is the very kernel of the whole, the all important fact on which the impatient shareholder fastens when he opens his report. They are worth a moment's consideration to discover the activity concentrated in them. It is really one of the wonders of modern industrial art that a mass of dull dirty stone, scarcely to be distinguished from road metal, except by its dirt and irregularity, can be forced to yield a profit measured by tens of thousands of pounds per month. It is difficult to grasp the meaning of 10 dwts. per ton, the two units cannot easily be brought into one's mind at the same time, but a reduction to terms of size may help us to focus the relationship. If all the gold in a cubic yard of ore containing 10 dwts. per ton, were collected into a ball, it would measure about half an inch diameter—the size of a marble. Stone containing 10 dwts. per ton is a comparatively rich ore: though there are mines which yield ore of greater richness, there are also mines which pay a dividend of much less, and it is said, though we do not know the exact value of the statement, that a few grains per ton "pays" in some localities. A visit to a modern gold mill would be a bewildering experience to one unaccustomed to machinery in motion. The earlier stages of the process are characterised by an appalling noise. Stamps, each weighing 800 to 1,000 lbs. are being raised and dropped through 7 or 8 inches, ninety times a minute and make a terrific roar when from sixty to a hundred or even more of them are at work together. They crush the ore, mixed with water, to a fine mud which is run over quicksilver to collect the gold; for gold is dissolved by quicksilver with avidity, when all is working smoothly and well. When things are not working well, precious dividends may pass along

uncollected "at the rate of a thousand pounds a minute," as one might say, with Alice's railway passengers. The mill manager's responsibility is enormous at every stage. The quicksilver, however, only catches the pure bright particles of the precious metal; those which are mixed with other heavy minerals, or which have been incompletely separated from stone by the crushing, pass on unaffected. The mud therefore must be further treated to secure these portions. Modern machines for concentrating ore are instruments of precision. The mud, or "pulp" as it is usually called, is distributed over broad tables which are shaken to and fro rapidly and are set on a slope. Their inclination, speed, amount of shake and other particulars can be adjusted to a nicety so that the heavy gold and minerals will deposit on the table while the water and lighter stone run away. Among the many triumphs of human ingenuity, ore-dressing tables take a very high place. By the time the mud has passed the tables it has given up perhaps seven or eight of the ten pennyweights of gold originally in it, but more is demanded and obtained. The "cyanide" process of which so much is heard nowadays enables the mining manager to extract almost all of the last few units. If the mud or sludge from the tables is allowed to settle in pits the solid portion can be separated from the water and the resulting thick paste washed with dilute solution of cyanide of potash which in some occult manner dissolves any gold with which it comes in contact. After this the residue is thrown away and the engineer-chemist admits with regret that he cannot profitably do any more with it. Then comes the recovery of the gold in the form of ingots or bars from the amalgam obtained at the stamps, from the "concentrates" obtained from the tables, and from the cyanide solution. Into this part of the work we cannot enter here. Those who want to know more about the matter will find it clearly described by Mr. Louis, with all the attention to details that the practical man requires. Mining engineers as a rule are practical men and Mr. Louis is no exception to the rule; he has produced a book of great utility. The style is somewhat loose occasionally and there is a tendency to dogmatise in matters of theory. But these are not great blemishes in a work intended for sternly practical men. In future editions it is to be hoped that the author will correct these defects. It would be an assistance to many managers if a chapter were added showing clearly how mill accounts should be kept. It is probable that a clear description and analysis of the different methods in use, if included in this handbook, would be of great service and would tend to bring about a uniformity in mining accounts that is not only possible but greatly to be desired.

BIBLICAL AND ECCLESIASTICAL.

"Holy Baptism." By Darwell Stone. London: Longmans. 1899. 5s.

We found ourselves compelled to criticise with some severity the first volume of the Oxford Library of Practical Theology: it is on that account not less a pleasure than a duty to record a favourable judgment of the second. Mr. Darwell Stone writes from the standpoint of a definite "Anglo-Catholic:" his assumptions are, therefore, many and formidable; but he has evidently taken great pains over his work: he writes with earnestness, with ample knowledge, with obvious conviction. His book will be very useful to the High Church clergy as a manual of doctrine, to many others as a well-arranged book of reference. We dislike the Ritualist fashion, which the author adopts, of speaking of "the Church in England." The short chapter on the necessity of holy baptism is weak and unsympathetic. The question as to the fate of unbaptized children ought not to be left in suspense. Mr. Darwell Stone writes with much good sense about sponsors and the baptism of infants under the conditions which obtain in the squalid urban districts: but we cannot endorse his wish to restore the practice of baptizing at the public services of the Church. Nor can we share his desire for a restoration of mediæval ceremonies to the Baptismal Office in the Prayer-book. The demonology underlying most of these ceremonies is offensive to the modern conscience. The last chapter on the "reasonable and moral aspects of the doctrine of holy Baptism" is unsatisfactory. It is remarkable that Mr. Darwell Stone never once mentions the Quakers, a Christian denomination universally admired for the moral beauty attained by its members, and for the wealth of good deeds which has accompanied their profession of Christianity, and which repudiates the sacrament of baptism, is destitute, in fact, of that which, according to Mr. Darwell Stone's thesis, "makes effort both possible and effectual." Has he not in his dogmatic zeal too much forgotten that the only evidence of discipleship authorised by the Founder of Christianity is that of moral fruits, and that unbaptized Christians have provided that evidence not less amply than other believers?

"A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Books of Samuel." By H. P. Smith. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1899.

The latest Old Testament volume in the series of International Critical Commentaries is quite up to the standard of its predecessors, which is saying a great deal. The text of the

Books of Samuel has reached us in a form which, for uncertainty and corruption, is unparalleled in the Old Testament, except perhaps by the Book of Ezekiel; it demands of the critic peculiar qualities of insight, judgment, and mastery of the principles upon which the Hebrew text is to be corrected by the help of the versions. These qualities are to be found in Dr. Smith's work; his textual criticism is free and judicious. He makes careful use of his predecessors, such as Wellhausen, Driver, and Budde; but he also has opinions of his own which he is able to defend. Great care has been bestowed upon the Greek versions. The existence of more than one independent translation, confounded in our present editions of the Greek, has been conclusively proved by Lagarde in the case of Judges; the same holds good in the case of Samuel. The term "Septuagint," in the traditional sense, is really only applicable to the Pentateuch; it is misleading when used of the Greek version of the other books. As a matter of fact this version represents several recensions or divergent texts (e.g. Cod. B and "Lucian"); their dates and mutual relations suggest problems which have not yet been settled. It may be added that Dr. Smith's commentary is written in a clear and interesting style.

The "Book of Bander" by the author of "The New Koran" (London: Williams and Norgate. 1899) will certainly be admired as a chef d'œuvre of social and political wisdom by those who exalted the "New Koran." It also is written in chapter and verse like the Bible, and it vents in this pedantic fashion a curious medley of opinions of the questions of the day. It opens with Solomon and winds up with a denunciation of the London Dock strike.

The "Message and Position of the Church of England" by Arthur Galton (London: Kegan Paul. 1899) is distinctly worth reading. The author, an ex-Roman priest, has recently been received into the Anglican ministry: he has read widely; he thinks for himself: and he writes clearly. Mr. Shorthouse writes a brief preface, marked by a vehement antipathy to the Roman Church such as we should not have expected in the author of "John Inglesant." "The Papal Curia is founded upon falsehood, and falsehood enters, consciously or unconsciously, willingly or unwillingly, into the soul of every human creature that comes under its influence. It has poisoned the wells of religious life. Its story is one of horror, and of crime, and of cruelty. As I have said elsewhere, it always has been, and is now, the enemy of the Human Race." This language creates a prejudice against Mr. Galton's book, which is not altogether deserved.

The Church Historical Society has published a translation by W. J. Birkbeck of Professor Bulgakoff's treatise on "The Question of Anglican Orders." This Russian scholar is satisfied with the Anglican case so far as the fact of succession, and the sufficiency of the Ordinal are concerned: but considers that the doctrinal orthodoxy of the Anglican hierarchy is as yet not proven.

The "Sacred Vestments" by Rev. T. Passmore (London: Sampson Low. 1899) is a translation of the third book of the most famous of all Ritualist books, the "Rationale Divinorum Officiorum." The author's "Foreword" or preface indicates a mental attitude so frankly archaic that it is almost outside criticism. The puerilities of mediæval symbolism have little value or meaning in the modern world: it is a little disturbing to find their careful study proposed as "the solemn duty of every Priest." One specimen must suffice: the vested Bishop "goeth upon carpets, that he may learn to despise the earth and to be in love with heavenly things!"

"Chenna and his Friends Hindu and Christian" by Edwin Lewis (R.T.S.). This biography of a convert written by a veteran congregationalist missionary is worth reading. It is prefaced by an interesting memoir of the author, from which we cull the following curious application of a very difficult Evangelical command. A woman "had summoned a man to court for assault. When she stood forth to give evidence, she asked that she might be allowed to swear on the Bible. 'Why?' asked the magistrate. 'Because I believe in it.' 'Then, don't you know how the Bible says that if a man strike you on the one cheek, you should turn to him the other also?' 'Yes,' she replied, 'and I did it. But as soon as I showed him the second cheek he struck that also, and it was only then that I felt I had a right to bring it into court.' We have heard of a Transatlantic comment on the same precept, which has a similar tenour.

The R.T.S. also publishes a tract on "The Supper of the Lord" by Professor Moule. It inaugurates a series of "Present Day Papers on Romanism," and is a temperate statement of Evangelical doctrine by the recognised leader of the spiritual section of the Low Church party.

The Bishop of Stepney's "Popular Objections to Christianity" (S.P.C.K.) is a useful little book sufficiently described by its title. Of course the objections are sometimes, though not always, very superficial and flimsy: and Dr. Ingram knows his audience well enough not to put too much into his answers. The S.P.C.K. has also published a well-arranged "Sketch of Mediæval Church History" by the Ven. S. Cheetham, D.D.

Dr. Butler's "Public School Sermons" (London: Isbister and Co. 1899) are worthy of their author. Many will welcome

in a permanent form discourses which unite so much sound teaching with such urbanity of temper and gracefulness of diction.

We have also received a manual for visiting the sick entitled "Baptized with his Baptism" by the Rev. F. Douglas Robinson (Wells Gardner and Co.). It seems well adapted for its purpose.

MATHEMATICS AND SCIENCE.

"Matter, Energy, Force and Work." By Silas W. Holman. New York: Macmillan Company. 10s. 6d. net.

This book is in two parts. The second part is a lucid and valuable account of the vortex atom theory in its present form, and should be welcome to many people who find it difficult to realise that theory. The author takes the occasion to make some remarks on scientific theories in general. The first part of the book is more original. It aims at presenting new definitions of the concepts of mechanics in novel order and connexion. After matter and motion, Mr. Holman defines energy as his next concept, and force is defined in terms of energy. The definition of energy has the disadvantage that it cannot be immediately expressed in mathematical form. This defect is not altogether manifest in the book, as it does not deal at all in mathematical expressions and equations, a singular drawback which is indeed its great weakness. Another defect is that reference is often made to discussions that occur further on in the book. As an attempt at an original scheme of mechanics the book cannot be said to be a thorough success. It should prove however most stimulating and suggestive to teachers on the subject. Now that mechanics is compulsory in so many examinations the teacher is obliged to explain its difficulties to persons of brain power less than the average. Anything which helps to clear conceptions is of great value.

"Elementary Dynamics." By W. M. Baker. Cambridge Mathematical Series. London: Bell. 1899.

This is a great contrast to Mr. Holman's book; it is a work of "a teacher of twenty years' standing." Definitions, equations and general book-work are familiar not to say hackneyed. The "type" examples and arrangement are excellent. A talented student should do very good work with it, but it would be almost a blank to the unmathematical student, who must have the essential dogmatical ideas put into him by some vital practical method.

"The Tides Simply Explained." By the Rev. J. H. S. Moxly. London: Rivingtons. 1899. 5s.

A most alluring title; difficulty and obscurity removed from this thorny subject at last! Our first disappointment is to find the early part of the book extremely controversial. Mr. Moxly falls foul of Professor Darwin, Lord Kelvin and other leaders in science, before he ever launches his theory. The chief sin of these gentlemen, besides ambiguous expressions, is, it seems that they have entirely ignored the laws of transmission of pressure through a liquid filling a closed vessel. Considering this is now being taught in most Board Schools, it certainly is wrong in Lord Kelvin to overlook it; and we are not surprised that Mr. Moxly is annoyed. It may be perhaps that the professors (as he calls them with scornful intonation) have hesitated to apply these laws to the case of a liquid partly covering the surface of an oblate spheroid rotating in space among other bodies, but now they have Mr. Moxly's sanction to do so, all should be well. Unfortunately the explanation given is not simple, at least one must admit to failing to understand it (p. 52 seq.). It seems a pity the author should not develop his theory with the aid of all the mathematics in his power, and appeal definitely to people of mathematical training to take it up. It is surely useless to appeal to the general public with a theory declared to be based on mathematics, and to indulge in such remarks as "I cannot show this without more mathematics than any reader would care for, but the fact is, roughly, evident enough."

"The Preceptors' Trigonometry." By William Briggs. London: Clive. 2s. 6d.

A well-considered little manual, which should perform its function properly for the solitary student. It is a great pity so much of the print is so small and trying to the eyes.

"Progressive Lessons in Science." By A. Abbott and Arthur Key. London: Blackie. 1899. 3s. 6d.

The title does not suggest the essential features of the book; a series of elaborately described tests to show qualitatively the presence of various chemical elements in food, soil, blood, bone, and other organic material. These should be very useful to teachers, although they might have been put in a more concentrated form for reference. Their originator Mr. Key sometimes seems to address himself to a class of schoolboys, sometimes to a class of teachers preparing to demonstrate to their pupils. He seems to assume that the teachers are absolutely ignorant of chemistry and manipulation, which is strange considering what is expected of them. But lessons in elementary chemistry by Mr. Abbott are prefixed to the special ones on organic sub-

stances. These are passably good, but there are many better ones in use.

"The Philosophy of Memory and other Essays." By W. T. Smith, M.D. Louisville. 1899.

Mr. Smith's essays deal with many subjects ranging from the Nebular Hypothesis to the Psychology of Memory. The atmosphere of the first essay dominates the whole. The author works mainly by analogy. His grasp of the fundamental conceptions of dynamics is weak, and his psychology somewhat antiquated. It is only fair to add that the physiological side of the subject is well presented, as might be expected in a person of the author's academic standing. The criticism of the nebular hypothesis is not very severe. An adequate discussion of the subject involves the use of mathematical analysis of an extremely refined order. Dr. Smith's alternate "cometary" hypothesis does not offer, so far as we can see, any advantages over the nebular hypothesis in its present form. The essay on the "Fluid Wedge" is inconclusive for want of mathematical support.

"The Steam Engine and Gas and Oil Engines." By John Perry. London: Macmillan. 1899. 7s.

"Ajax Loquitor." By Robert Weatherburn. London: Crosby Lockwood. 1899.

"Ajax" is a railway engine, which takes pride not only in the long ancestry to be traced, more or less definitely, right away back to Hero of Alexandria but in its own excellent qualities and accomplishments. "Ajax Loquitor" will amuse railway men. Mr. John Perry on "The Steam Engine" is of more serious purpose. His book is an elaborate inquiry into all that goes to make the steam engine the masterly instrument it is to-day. The book is intended for the use of students who are not inclined to learn things like parrots but are anxious to make experiments and calculations for themselves.

HARDY ANNUALS.

Hardy Annuals are pouring in upon us as usual at this time of year. We look for a coloured book of some sort from Mr. Andrew Lang. This year he gives us the "Red Book of Animal Stories" (Longmans. 6s.). The contents comprise many old friends, but will be none the less interesting to the young—to whom they will be new—on that account. Mr. Lang also writes a preface to an important reissue of Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare" (Freemantle). Hans Andersen assumes a new dress every November in anticipation of Christmas festivities. This year he makes his bow under the auspices of Messrs. Dent. His Fairy Tales have been translated by Mrs. E. Lucas and illustrated by Messrs. T. C. and W. Robinson. "Helen's Babies," the only babies we know who grow no older, are re-incarnated in attractive guise as ever (Grant Richards. 6s.). "Gulliver's Travels" (Lane. 6s.) with new illustrations by Herbert Cole, and "The Arabian Nights Entertainments" (Newnes. 15s.) with illustrations by various artists, are friends too familiar to need introduction. Another sort of perennial is the magazine volume. The "Leisure Hour" and the "Sunday at Home" (Religious Tract Society) like the "Quiver" (Cassell) and "Cassell's Magazine" undergo little change except such as is suggested by modern improvements in paper and printing. "Cassell's Saturday Journal" is probably the best of the snippets order; the eleven hundred pages of the volume for 1899 are full of curious and more or less sensational matter. "The New Penny Magazine" belongs to the same class of publication. The "Century Magazine" (May to October, 1899) appeals to a more serious public and contains much excellent reading of a historic and picturesque order. Its illustrations are admirable as ever. With the present volume "The Boy's Own Annual" (R.T.S.) attains its majority. It is the same delightful, manly production that first attracted many of us 21 years ago. Kingston, Ballantyne and others are no longer among its contributors but many old favourites remain, and new ones have stepped into the inevitable gaps. "The Girl's Own Annual" is the companion of the "Boy's Own." "Chums" (Cassell) is rather more sensational in tone and rather more rugged in appearance than the "Boy's Own," but it has won the good opinion of that part of the public which is in its teens as well as that of the guardians of youthful morals. "Young England" (Sunday School Union) has to some extent moved with the times. Its annual volume is full of exciting adventure, partly fiction, partly fact. "St. Nicholas" is a very literary, admirably edited magazine for "young folks," which, but for its popularity, we should say was over the heads of the little men and women whose suffrages it elects to win.

There has lately been quite a deluge of Dickens reprints—from Messrs. Dent, Messrs. Nelson, and Messrs. Chapman and Hall. These reprints take the form of small but tasteful and excellently printed volumes. Especially seasonable is the Pocket Edition—the Holly Edition we should be inclined to call it—of "The Chimes," "A Christmas Carol," "The Haunted Man" and "The Battle of Life" just published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

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It is worth while to consider briefly how really secure life assurances and annuities are. The reserves held by sound life offices are based upon mortality tables showing a higher rate of mortality than is likely to occur, on the assumption of a lower rate of interest than will probably be earned, and on the provision for a greater expenditure than is likely to be incurred. From all three sources surplus arises which constitutes a margin for safety, over and above the fact that apart from the surplus the reserves would be sufficient to meet the risks, and if at any time they seemed becoming inadequate, gradual additions could be made to the reserves to render them amply secure.

In most of the schemes mentioned above the rates employed have been for policies that do not participate in profits, but the great majority of life policies are subject to higher premiums than are strictly necessary to cover the mere risk, and these premiums produce surplus which is distributed as bonuses. Before a non-participating policy can become depreciated bonuses to participating policy-holders must altogether cease, and this fact constitutes a strong additional security for non-profit policies. The same remarks apply to the security afforded by annuities, while in the case of proprietary offices the share capital constitutes a yet further reserve for both policies and annuities. In fact the more closely the matter is looked into the more convincing becomes the evidence that the security afforded by well-established life offices cannot be surpassed.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CROMWELL OUTRAGE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Lincoln's Inn, 23 November, 1899.

SIR,—Lord Rosebery stated in his speech at the Cromwell celebration, that Scotland and Ireland could hardly be expected to rejoice at the glorification of Cromwell. But why omit Wales? Wales has suffered far more severely and more permanently than has Scotland from the Cromwellian régime and from all that led up to it. Of the destruction that he and his followers wrought on the historical monuments of the country, it is needless to speak. A yet worse charge against him is the demoralising effect that his policy of confiscation and oppression produced on the country. Canon Bevan has stated in his diocesan History of S. David's that it was only in the middle of the present century that Wales and the Welsh Church really began to recover from the demoralisation that ensued as a result of the Puritan rule. In the few years prior to the Civil Wars Welshmen constituted a third of the members of the University of Oxford, a proportion which they have never since attained, while during the Commonwealth no Welshman went to the city on the Isis.

Welsh education similarly languished after the Civil Wars, and the literary scholar like the royalist poet Rowland Vaughan no longer appears in the ranks of her gentry. Cromwell's view of the Welsh is summed up in his remark "the common people understand nothing and are all for the gentry" ("Cromwell's Letters and Speeches" by Carlyle, vol. ii. p. 4). The common people who understood nothing were anxious to send their sons to Oxford, and as the poems of Hew Morus show were clever enough to see through the hypocrisies of the Puritanism that waged a cruel war on their local sports and amusements, that refused to allow them to be married in church, and insisted upon the ceremony being performed at Quarter Sessions. The "Act for the Evangelisation of Wales" of the Puritan régime carried into execution by Oliver's dearest friends treats a nation, which at that time was in many ways in advance of England, as consisting of heathen savages. The spirit that inspired the "Act" and its commissioners was the spirit that to-day asserts the absolute superiority of the Anglo-Saxon over the Kelt, a spirit which Welsh Nationalists whether political or poetical should be the last to encourage.

Your obedient servant,
J. ARTHUR PRICE.

CROMWELLIAN HONOURS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Kenchester, 30 October, 1899.

SIR,—Oliver was a sovereign—pono. Oliver was an usurper—concedo. He was a sovereign, and not a president, because he made treaties as a sovereign. He exercised sovereign authority. He summoned and dismissed parliaments, above all his son succeeded him as sovereign. I am not alluding to his character, variously depicted as angel and demon. Had Carlyle lived, with his craze after paradox, he might have deified hump-backed Richard or even John. We cannot admit that character adds to or detracts from sovereignty. William, the Deliverer, rose superior to Papist Jamie; George II. was equally the inferior of bonnie Prince Charlie. Yet both were DE FACTO sovereigns, and so also was Cromwell.

Now there is an unrepealed statute which provides that honours granted by an usurper hold good. In France the Napoleonic honours remain. In England those granted by patent under the hand of Cromwell have been suppressed. This is partly owing to a misapprehension. It is assumed that the whole of Cromwell's "Other House" were ennobled. Not so. The honours granted by PATENT are comprised in two peerages and about twelve baronetcies. These patents, I maintain, are as valid as those of William III.

As an offshoot of the family upon whom Cromwell conferred the first hereditary honour—a baronetcy—in

1656, I feel that these patents, drawn in a very broad and general form, ought to be revived. Rather they ought never to have been suppressed.

The statue is another affair. I am steering clear of that. Of course I have my own ideas on the subject, but they are irrelevant to my present contention.

COMPTON READE.

THE MILITIA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In your issue of 18 November you say that "in a short time the military defences of the kingdom will be mainly in the hands of the Militia." And yet how little is the Militia appreciated or even understood. Mr. Linley Sambourne in "Punch" the other day drew a militiaman in the uniform of a Rifle Volunteer. The lion comique of the music-hall is still of opinion that Militia are billeted and carry home their rations upon the points of their bayonets. Even the SATURDAY REVIEW is so little in touch with the Militia of to-day that you opine that "what Militia officers require above all things is to thoroughly learn the A B C of their work and how to manage men."

This is truly astounding for unless things have changed very recently the contrary is the case. The Militia officers—and men—do know the A B C of their work thoroughly for the simple reason that they—officers and men—are drilled at the dépôt of their line regiments for three months on enlistment and year after year are drilled unceasingly in the course of their annual training. What they really need is the opportunity—i.e. the time—for field training such as line troops get every year at Aldershot, when brigade by brigade they are marched away to Woolmer Forest and exercised night and day in outpost duties and the attack and defence of positions.

You think that the officers do not know how to "manage" men well. Since they pay their companies and clothe them, reward them and punish them, just as the line officers do—only more so!—I do not know what else they can do to satisfy the writer of your "Note." Of one thing I am certain and that is, there is much more camaraderie among officers and men of Militia than exists between those of the line regiments, for the reason that the officers live closer to their men and go on parade with them two or three times a day. Years ago I was in the Welsh Militia and it was my pleasant duty to march men off to the station after the training see them into the train and then pay them their bounties. It was hoped in this way to get them away to their homes and not permit them to waste their money in public-houses and generally "paint the town red." I did not discover for years that my company, out of respect to me, went off peaceably by train as far as the next station. Then they got out, and returned by the next "up" train for a carouse, after a month of military restraint. Could the thing possibly have been done more delicately? One ruffian whom I had been obliged to punish pretty often during the training—he was an ex-regular—told me after getting out of uniform and becoming once more a civilian that I was "the best—officer the company had ever had." He was afterwards convicted of robbery with violence.

It always appeared to me that no better evidence was needed of the existence of a peculiar "knack" of managing a rough class of men than that it was possible for a handful of officers to sleep night after night in the midst of 800 such fellows without getting their throats cut or losing the best part of £1,000 in specie which generally was distributed among the eight or ten captains. Your contributor adds that "in too many cases Militia companies are run by the P.S. colour sergeants." Indeed? I am surprised to hear it and so will your readers be when I inform them that during my last spell of Militia duty I "ran in" three of these gentry in three months, one for drunkenness one for cheating at musketry and one for falsification of accounts. I do not think many Militia captains, who are of course responsible for public money to the tune of £300 a month, would allow their companies to be "run" by a type of N.C.O. which I am told will soon become extinct. When the present Militia have been

embodied for six months, it will be impossible to distinguish them from "regulars" except by reason of their superior physique, and it has always seemed to me a trifle mean on the part of the Government to treat with neglect in time of peace a branch of the service which it is bound to fall back upon as soon as hostilities commence.—I am, &c.

RESERVIST.

["Reservist's" letter is an exact illustration of the state of things we called attention to in our Note. It is true "Militia officers are drilled at the dépôt of their line regiments for three months on enlistment and year after year are drilled unceasingly in the course of their annual training." They therefore imagine that having mastered the mechanical and comparatively easy art of learning their drill, they are highly qualified officers. But this is a mere detail, there are numerous other and more important things to be learnt; and with the limited experience Militia officers have, it is hardly possible for them—even though they may be "the best officer the company had ever had"—to do so. The fact that our correspondent "ran in" three Militia N.C.O.'s does not affect our general statement. To take credit that officers are able to sleep in safety in the midst of their men, is a curious commentary on a Militia officer's idea of military discipline!—ED. S. R.]

A GERMAN LYRIC.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Sandybrook Hall, Ashbourne, 18 November, 1899.

DEAR SIR,—Behold "one more unfortunate's" attempt to translate the untranslatable.

Over all heights there broods

Peace indeed;

Deep within all woods

Thou canst heed

No breathing stress;

The birds are silent now;

A little wait, and thou

Enjoy'st no less.

I am, yours faithfully,

MONICA TURNBULL.

THE LONDON LIFE ASSOCIATION LIMITED.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

81 King William Street, E.C. 23 November, 1899.

SIR,—In thanking you for your kindly remarks as to this Association, I would remind you that the directors are content with its present steady progress, for they never forget that business obtained by increasing the ratio of expenditure is not an advantage but an injury to the existing assured.

To show on one side of the revenue account the full premiums and on the other the allowance in respect of reduction is not only good book-keeping but also the wish of the Board of Trade and the common practice, besides being necessary for purposes of comparison with other offices. The premiums here are certainly somewhat higher at first than are charged elsewhere, but you have not, I think, recollected that they are almost entirely for ordinary whole-life policies, whereas the item in the accounts of other companies is generally swelled by the larger premiums on endowment assurances as well as premiums payable for only a limited period and in one sum, so that comparisons are less at fault than would at first be thought. And moreover, even if it be held that the office gets an advantage in a comparison of expenditure, it correspondingly loses in any comparison of surplus divided.

I venture to add that the "enormous strength" is real, for if need be the Association can call up the full premiums, though to prevent it ever having to do so, the reserve, in the present account of £2,866,285, is held. It never declares a rate of abatement without providing for its continuance throughout the whole existence of the assurance, in contradistinction to the usual custom of dividing the bulk of the profit made in a quinquennium and trusting to the future for further surplus in due course.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

C. D. HIGHAM,

Actuary and Secretary.

REVIEWS.

A VICTIM OF FRIENDSHIP.

"The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson to his Family and Friends." Selected and Edited with Notes and Introduction by Sidney Colvin. 2 vols. London: Methuen. 1899. 20s. net.

THE late Robert Louis Stevenson is a writer who has every title to commiseration, and the appearance of the volumes before us may be said to mark the climax of his misfortunes. Diseased and sickly from his birth, with his life frequently hanging on a thread, he probably never knew the sensation of perfect health. During the impressionable years of early youth his surroundings appear to have been most uncongenial: he was forced into a profession for which he had no taste and no aptitude. In constant straits for money, at times he was miserably poor; his apprenticeship to letters was long and arduous, for he was not one of Nature's favourites, and attained what he did attain by unsparing and severe labour. His wandering and restless life, bringing him as it did into contact with all phases of humanity and with all parts of the world, was of course in many respects favourable to his work, but it had at the same time serious disadvantages. It gave him little time for reflection, it imported a certain feverishness into his energy, and rendered that concentration and steadiness without which no really great work can be accomplished simply impossible. That in these circumstances Stevenson should have produced so much, and so much which is of a high order of merit, is most creditable to him and not a little surprising. "He stands," says his friend Professor Colvin, "as the writer who in the last quarter of the nineteenth century has handled with the most of freshness and inspiriting power the widest range of established literary forms—the moral, critical and personal essay, travels sentimental and other, parables and tales of mystery, boys' stories of adventure, memoirs; nor let lyrical and meditative verse both English and Scottish, and especially nursery verse, a new vein for genius to work in, be forgotten." With some reservation this may be conceded and this is as far as eulogy can legitimately be stretched.

But unhappily some of Stevenson's admirers have made themselves and their idol ridiculous by raising him to a position his claims to which are preposterous. If he be measured with his contemporaries the comparison will generally be in his favour—he certainly did best what hundreds can do well. His essays have distinction and excellence; his novels, travels, and short tales though scarcely entitled to the praise of originality, as they strike no new notes and are mere variants of the work of Scott, Kingston, Ballantyne, De Quincey and Poe bear the impress of genius as distinguished from mere talent; and reflect a very charming personality; his verse is pleasing and skilful. But when we are told that he will stand the third in a trio with Burns and Scott, and have to listen to serious appeals to Edinburgh to raise a statue to him beside the author of "Marmion" and the "Waverley Novels," all who truly appreciate his work may well tremble for the reaction which is certain to succeed such extravagant overestimation. The truth is that poor Stevenson, himself one of the simplest, sincerest and most modest of men got involved with a clique who may be described as manufacturers of factitious reputations, the circulators of a false currency in criticism. In these days of appeals to the masses it is as easy to write up the sort of works which are addressed to them—popular essays, tales and novels—as it is to write up the commodities of quack doctors and the shares of bogus companies. The production of popular literature is now a trade, and in some cases this sort of puffery is the work of deliberate fraud, originating from various motives. In many cases it simply springs from ignorance and critical incompetence, current criticism being to a considerable extent in the hands of very young men who having neither the requisite knowledge nor the proper training are unable to judge a writer comparatively. In other cases it is to be attributed to good nature and the tendency in the genial appreciation of real merit to indulge in extravagant expression. But the result is the same. A reputation so grotesquely out of proportion to what

is really merited that sober people are inclined to suspect that all is imposture, is gradually inflated Eulogy kindles eulogy; hyperbole is heaped on hyperbole; a ludicrous importance is attached to every trifle which falls or which ever has fallen from this Press-created Fetish. While he is alive he is encouraged, or rather importuned, to force his power of production to keep pace with the demand for everything bearing his signature: when he is dead the very refuse of his study finds eager publishers. This kind of thing has obviously many advantages which are by no means confined to the object of the idolatry itself. In the first place it means business; it is the creation of a goose which can lay golden eggs, and it is in the second place a creation which reflects no little glory on the creators. Is it nothing to be the satellites of so radiant a luminary? Should the aim of such satellites be self-advertisement could it be accomplished in a more delicate and dignified manner than by printing the familiar correspondence of the great man and thus proclaiming from the house-tops what he was pleased to say, with all the friendly license of private intercourse, in the way of compliment and eulogy?

All this is exactly what has happened in the case of poor Stevenson. No man ever took more justly his own measure, or would have been more annoyed at the preposterous eulogies of which he has been made the subject on the part of interested or ill-judging friends. We entirely absolve Professor Colvin from any suspicion of being actuated by unworthy motives in publishing these letters. It is abundantly clear that he has not published them to puff himself, that his labour has been a labour of love, and that he believed himself to be piously fulfilling a duty to his friend. But they ought never to have been given to the world. More than two-thirds have nothing whatever to justify their appearance in print and merely show, what will surprise those who knew Stevenson by his literary writings, how vapid, vulgar and commonplace he could be. In their slangy familiarity and careless spontaneity they remind us of Byron's, but what a contrast do these insipid bourgeois tattlings present to Byron's brilliance and point, his wit, his piquancy, his insight into life and men! Only here and there in a touch of description, or in a casual reflexion, do we find anything to distinguish them from the myriads of letters which are interchanged between young men every day in the year. Their one attraction lies in the glimpses they reveal of Stevenson's own charming personality, his kindness, his sympathy, his great modesty, his manliness, his transparent truthfulness and honesty. It is amusing to watch him with one of his correspondents who was evidently endeavouring to establish a mutual exchange of flattery. The urbane skill with which this friend's persistently fulsome compliments are either fenced or waived aside, the ironical delicacy with which, when a return is extorted, they are repaid in a measure strictly adjusted to desert and yet certain not to disappoint expectant vanity, are quite exquisite. "The suns go swiftly out," he writes referring to the death of Tennyson and Browning and others "and I see no suns to follow, nothing but a universal twilight of the demi-divinities, with parties like you and me beating on toy drums, and playing on penny whistles about glow-worms." The indignant letter to the "New York Tribune" in defence of James Payn, who had been accused of plagiarising from one of his fictions, well deserves placing on permanent record as an illustration of Stevenson's fine and generous nature.

We are sorry, we repeat, that these letters have been given to the world. So far as Stevenson's reputation is concerned they can only detract from it. When they illustrate him on his best side they merely emphasise what his works illustrate so abundantly that further illustration is a mere work of supererogation. When they present him, as for the most part they do, in dishabille they exhibit him very greatly to his disadvantage. If Professor Colvin had printed about one-third of them, and retained his excellent elucidatory introductions, which form practically a biography of Stevenson, he would have produced a work for which all admirers of that pleasing writer would have thanked him. As it is he has been guilty of a grave error of judgment.

BOERS AND BRITISH.

"The Transvaal and the Boers." By W. E. Garrett Fisher. London: Chapman and Hall. 1900. 10s. 6d.

"Impressions of South Africa." By James Bryce. Third Edition. London: Macmillan. 1899. 6s.

WE have no doubt that Mr. Fisher's book, which is an enlargement of a work published in 1896, will obtain a considerable success from the circumstances of its appearance. Such success will not be altogether undeserved, for he has evidently been at considerable pains to present an impartial account of the people with whom we are now at war. We hasten to acknowledge this, because we must frankly dissent from some of his conclusions. His work owes very much to Dr. Theal, to Mr. Fitzpatrick, and to other writers, but he is careful to acknowledge his obligations. As most people are too lazy to read Dr. Theal, it is perhaps well that compilers should make his conclusions familiar to the public. Mr. Garrett Fisher does not appear to us to have any first-hand knowledge of South Africa, but in this we may be mistaken. At any rate, though he has made intelligent use of a host of conflicting authorities, he seems to miss Dr. Theal's aid in his narrative of more recent events.

The ordinary British citizen seldom knows anything about distant parts of the Empire until a war reminds him of their existence, which justifies Mr. Fisher in repeating the oft-told story of the early struggles of the Dutch in South Africa. His account of the settlement of Cape Colony is clear and concise, and his treatment of the "Trek" is marked by fairness. The Boer character has never been understood in England, where a good many people conceive the Dutch Afrikaner as a kind of Nonconformist deacon who can shoot straight. The fact is that the many inconsistencies of the Afrikaner farmer can hardly be appreciated from written descriptions. Mr. Fisher has made as good a portrait in mosaic as most English writers. The Dutch republics, as we all know, arose from the emigration of a number of Cape Colony farmers who found English rule unpalatable. They left Cape Colony because they considered English rule unjust, and they were driven to that opinion by the flagrant, if unconscious, dishonesty of the Whig doctrinaires who ruled in Downing Street at the beginning of the present reign. Slavery itself had very little to do with the trek, but the refusal of Lord Melbourne's Cabinet to give adequate compensation to slave-owners was an important cause. The Orange Free State, which was given independence in 1854 against the wishes of its more influential inhabitants, lived in amity with the Imperial power that had left it to a death-struggle with the Basutos. But the indefensible action of Mr. Gladstone's Government in annexing the Diamond Fields left a bitter legacy. The real cause of our finding ourselves at war with the two Republics at present is that Mr. Gladstone managed to fill the Orange Free State with the conviction of British dishonesty in 1870 and the Transvaal with a belief in British weakness if not cowardice in 1881. For the Boers have better memories than the English Liberals.

The Transvaal Boers, left to themselves in 1852, spent several years in civil war (which Mr. Fisher calls "history of a comparatively tame and quiet sort"), in raiding the neighbouring native tribes, and in attempting to coerce their Free State neighbours into federation. Their Republic became "an African Alsatia" for criminals and ne'er-do-wells, their burghers refused to pay taxes or obey the authority of their own President, native troubles increased, and bankruptcy was impending. To save the whole of South Africa from the consequences which the collapse of a Dutch province would have entailed, the British Government annexed the Transvaal in 1877. "You have ill-treated the natives," said President Burgers to his citizens, "you have shot them down, you have sold them into slavery, and now you have to pay the penalty." "Had I not endured in silence," he wrote later on, "had I not patiently borne all the vile accusations but out of selfishness or fear told the plain truth of the case, the Transvaal would never have had the consideration it has now received from Great Britain. However unjust the annexation

was, my self-justification would have exposed the Boers to such an extent, and the state of the country in such a way, that it would have deprived both of the sympathy of the world and the consideration of the English politicians." "The consideration of English politicians"! Here is condensed the cause of most of our African troubles. Mr. Gladstone, looking about for pretexts to attack the Conservative Ministry, fulminated against the annexation of the Transvaal. The malcontent Boers thanked him, and, when he had come into office, asked him to act in accordance with his speeches. Mr. Gladstone refused. The English in South Africa had feared that he would surrender: his words removed their fears. The Boers rebelled, and won three skirmishes. Mr. Gladstone recalled everything that he had said and restored the republican government. He had deceived first the Boers and then the English colonists: the former thought him cowardly, the latter treacherous. In the face of this record of statesmanship, is it surprising that we have to fight for our South African dominion? Mr. Fisher thinks the retrocession right. Boers and British are not killing each other to-day for the sake of "two and a half millions sterling off the dividends of Mr. Beit and his friends," as Mr. Fisher strangely thinks, but because the abject moral cowardice shown in London eighteen years ago convinced the Boers that the dream of Retief and Pretorius might yet be realised, and a great Dutch Republic stretch from the Zambesi to Table Bay over territories which England was too weak—or too "magnanimous"—to govern. "Magnanimity," as the "Times of Natal" has justly said, is the perpetual danger in English politics.

Through the maze of facts Mr. Fisher guides his reader skilfully, but his conceptions of policy appear at times inept. He has not in the least realised that the antagonism between Republicanism and Imperialism (*not*, be it noted, between the Dutch and English races), made possible by the surrender of 1881 was bound to be decided by the sword. In his desire to be unbiassed, he twitters forth irritating criticisms of Sir Alfred Milner and Mr. Chamberlain. The latter can take care of himself, but to anyone who knows the difficulties which Sir Alfred Milner has faced and overcome, babble of the stay-at-home critic is very wearisome. If Mr. Fisher wanted to write this sort of criticism, he should have waited till the war was over.

The same comment may be made on the prefatory chapter which Mr. Bryce has added in his new edition of "Impressions of South Africa." It is not too much to say that the new chapter will lessen very considerably the authority of the book. The original version of the "Impressions" opened the eyes of the British public to the real condition of affairs in South Africa, for its author, who might have been expected to be a reluctant witness against President Kruger, offered testimony that went far towards shattering the Radical idea of the Boer Republic. Unhappily party feeling has prevailed over consistency: Mr. Bryce writes as might a partisan who had never even read the "Impressions." He thinks that Britain "was justified in requiring the Transvaal Government to redress the grievances (other than the limited suffrage) which were complained of." In other words, while it was unrighteous of the British Ministry to press for a sweeping measure of reform which would introduce decent government into the Transvaal, they would have been justified in "nagging" President Kruger over five or six points any one of which was sure, in the existing temper of the Boer authorities, to furnish a *casus belli*. Mr. Bryce assumes without question the sincerity of the Pretoria franchise offers, and refrains from asking of himself an explanation of Mr. Kruger's unwillingness to let those offers be examined in detail. He scouts the idea of a Dutch "conspiracy." No one imagines that Mr. Steyn and Mr. Kruger were "conspirators" of the same species as Catiline, but, if (as Mr. Bryce still thinks) the two Republics had no notion of entering into a struggle for domination, it is curious that their scheme of warlike operations was so perfect as events have proved. "As the Orange Free State had no reason to fear an attack, just or

unjust, from any quarter," its action, we are told, "furnishes a signal proof of the love of independence which animates this little community." Surely "love of independence" is a curious phrase to use in this connexion. The fact appears to be that Mr. Bryce has made terms with his conscience by resolving to say nothing "upon two aspects of the matter—the character and conduct of the persons chiefly concerned, and the subterranean forces which are supposed to have been at work on both sides." He would be quite justified in eliminating these aspects, if his new chapter were a simple record of events, but it is absolutely disingenuous to sum up the questions at issue as if those aspects did not exist, and to forget deliberately all that he must know about the aims and methods of the Boer leaders. "The Transvaal Republic has often been troublesome, but an unfriendly neighbour is less dangerous than a disaffected colony." If Mr. Bryce had been at the Cape since 1895, he would know that in this case the existence of the "unfriendly neighbour" would, after what has passed, entail the "disaffected colony." As it is, he must be aware that half-heartedness on the part of the Imperial Government in the recent crisis would have alienated all English colonists and have led inevitably to the foundation of the United States of South Africa. The text of the book has been revised, but no material alterations have been made, and it remains an admirable account of South Africa—up to 1895.

CHATTER ABOUT CLODIA.

"The Story of Catullus." By H. Macnaghten. London: Duckworth. 1899. 2s. 6d.

"Poems of Catullus." Selected and edited by H. V. Macnaghten and A. B. Ramsay. London: Duckworth. 1899. 2s. 6d.

"WHO will read this book?" says Mr. Macnaghten in his mawkishly plaintive preface. "Perhaps," he goes on, "even an Eton boy—or the sister of an Eton boy, if I may speak out all my dreams, who has read in Tennyson of 'the tenderest of Roman poets,' and would learn something which her brother refuses to tell of that Catullus 'whose dead songster never dies.' May it be so!" With a passing nod of approbation to the diplomatic brother, and a passing wonderment as to where the materials for anything like a "Story of Catullus" can be found, we resign ourselves to expect yet another version of the Sparrow—of what Robinson Ellis called the "puny pinnacle"—of the superfluous h's of Arrius. But not at all. The interest is to be made to centre in Catullus as a lover—the lover of Clodia Clytemnestra Quadrantaria. "There has been no love poetry like his till we come to Romeo and Juliet, and there has been nothing since to rival it, not even Mrs. Browning's sonnets and Tennyson's 'Maud.'" Let us say at once that a point of view apter to mislead the Eton boy's sister, and to shock his father, can seldom have presented itself to an Eton Master and Fellow of Trinity. The father will be shocked not, of course, at anything in connexion with Catullus, much of whose life he has only too likely—albeit a plain man and no poet—lived over again for himself. He will be shocked at the canting falsity of presentment which the point of view is bound to imply.

The example innocently set by Sir Theodore Martin with his Horace, the parent of the "Ancient Classics" series, culminates in such writing as we find here—not open legitimate travesty such as Horace "at Hawarden" or "in London"—but a system of foisting upon the unfortunate dead a whole set of virtues vices and states of mind which they could never have known because, as Charles Reade said of sobriety in the eighteenth century, they were not yet invented. "Some women might have saved him and shown him the truth." "If only Cicero had chosen Catullus for his son-in-law, we should have lost Lesbia's sparrow and Lesbia's kisses, but we should have gained nobler poems inspired by a good woman's love." One does not quite see why Tullia should not have had the kisses and the sparrow too—but to proceed. Cicero, in spite of the "outrageous language" which he "never hesitated to use" was "a model of propriety," but Ovid and Martial were "notoriously bad men." What says Macaulay just after reading Ovid

right through? "He seems to have been a very good fellow." Strange disagreement of these Cambridge worthies. A poet who commanded the sympathetic interest of Macaulay and the sincerest flattery of the pure-minded Milton, is to Mr. Macnaghten just a "bad man." Ovid, we remember, once appeared in a vision to Professor Munro. It would be amusing to see him appear to Mr. Macnaghten and ask to be "shown the truth."

If there is one thing obvious, we will not say to students, but to ordinary level-headed readers of the Roman love-poets it is this—that the ideal of love described in "Aurora Leigh" or Coventry Patmore's "Angel in the House" was entirely out of their ken. To them, as to Sedley, the whole sex could but afford the handsome and the kind. "Castas odisse puellas et nullo vivere consilio" was their motto and practice. When they singed their wings, as many a man is singeing them somewhere at this very hour, they went through the usual routine of "perfidia cara tamen," "odi et amo," and the rest of it—Catullus alone, having, a thousand-fold more than other men the "feeling heart and the fine understanding," put it all into immortal verse like the magnificent poet he was. They are indeed, in Pope's phrase, "well-sung" woes—but when all is said and done, the sorrows, like the joys, are still the sorrows of the—well, they are not the joys and sorrows of the English home which sheltered the Angel in the House—no, nor even of the humbler lodging of that lesser "Angel of Light" who kept tryst with Albert FitzAllen beneath the London lamp-post.

"Non jam illud quæro, contra ut me diligit illa, Aut, quod non potis est, esse pudica velit."

To talk of such loves as these in connexion with Maud or Juliet is no better than an outrage, and we are inclined even to think that Professor Sellar a little overstepped the mark in quoting Matthew Arnold's line "The pageant of his bleeding heart." One may not altogether respect Byron's griefs, but they were on a bigger scale than those of Catullus in this one sorry business of Clodia.

"Ipse valere opto et tetrum hunc deponere morbum" was the view of the poet himself, and it is one of his glories to have been, as far as can be judged from his poems, an exceptionally healthy and all-round human being "vincula qui rupit dedoluitque semel." It is, no doubt, a pity that a man as honest and affectionate as Scott—as playful and charming as Lamb—a poet fit to cap felicities with Keats or bandy lampoons with Dryden—should perforce have occupied so much of a little volume with an adventure so unhappy, and it is natural to speculate—though it is rather like making imaginary matches for Cicero's daughter—on the great potentialities of a poet who died long before he was forty; but, in the meantime, "his greatness, not his littleness, concerns mankind," and we think that Catullus resistant—

"Difficile est, verum hoc qualubet efficias"—

is a much more inspiring spectacle for an Eton boy, or his sister either, than Catullus philandering. By no other word can we call it—and, except that both are poetry, we do most stoutly refuse to recognise the slightest affinity between the Basiations and the Sonnets from the Portuguese.

Not to end too seriously, we will communicate a discovery. If we put C. for Catullus one of the author's sentences reads thus:—"Lucretius was unknown as yet, though ten years older than C.; Virgil was a child of eight—Horace a baby of three." 62 B.C. is the year referred to. It will be observed that we have here a metrical memoria technica which we leave to be elaborated by those whom it more concerns.

MOROCCO PAST AND PRESENT.

"The Moorish Empire." By Budgett Meakin. London: Sonnenschein. 1899. 15s.

"In Moorish Captivity." By Henry M. Grey. London: Arnold. 1899. 16s.

MR. MEAKIN, having been for some years editor of a paper at Tangiers, doubtless enjoyed special opportunities of acquainting himself with Morocco, and

there can be no question as to his diligence. The large volume which he has just issued is described as an "historical epitome," and is to be followed, at quarterly intervals, by a volume on the land and another on the people. So much space devoted to Morocco warrants a hope that a very important subject will now receive comprehensive treatment. Mr. Meakin himself is very sanguine on the subject. He set out with the intention of writing one book, but he has found it necessary to write three, though he claims to have had recourse to the most extreme compression "so that instead of a word being added to spin out the tale, a single epithet must frequently convey the spirit of a well-digested chapter, or a few lines express an opinion sifted from many volumes." He has certainly sifted many volumes. Some seventy pages are devoted to reviews of over two hundred works in various languages all dealing with Morocco and, though he proves himself by no means an indulgent critic, he must certainly be congratulated upon the industry which has evolved so useful a bibliography. He is therefore entitled to claim some indulgence for his "abundant shortcomings," if only for the zealous ambition whereby Morocco "is here treated more comprehensively than hitherto in any language." It will no doubt rank as an authority to which students will be compelled to refer, but its strange lack of interest will deter the general reader spoilt by the frequently inaccurate vivacity of modern historians. No doubt it was difficult to avoid reflecting the obscurity of his subject, but it seems well-nigh unpardonable that it should have been suffered to overshadow the romantic and chivalrous glamour which all associate instinctively with the annals of the Moors. We may agree with him that "neither fertile imagination nor poetical diction is the ideal of historians" so much as "an unswerving devotion to fact," but we shall still protest that a poetical and imaginative temperament is indispensable to the appreciation of a people which, above all others, has been conspicuous for its fanciful idealism. The enjoyment of his labours, he tells us, "has been that of a miner;" the enjoyment of his readers, he ventures to assert, "can only be that of the heir to a fortune." We admit that he has prospected, sunk shafts, dug, delved, toiled, moiled, and altogether laboured most abundantly in the mines of authorities both wide and deep, but the ore which he has extracted still needs many a painful process of refinement before it can be ready for the pleasure and ornament of the many. He has worked with antiquated methods and instruments which failed to serve his needs, and his book is very like a monster which clamours to receive a soul. We have come to this conclusion with regret, for we cannot dispute the excellence of his intentions, and it is not his fault that he was constitutionally unfitted for his task. He has made prodigious efforts to be sympathetic; he has even rated others for their failures to appreciate the subtleties of the Moorish spirit; but ever and anon his cloven hoof peeps out and we find allusions to "the so-called Prophet" or to "that decrepit Power which now, by courtesy alone, retains the name of 'the Moorish Empire.'" To write on Islam sympathetically or even intelligently, it is necessary to adopt, at least temporarily, the standpoint and sentiments of a Moslem, and a writer who permits himself to think, much less to speak, of Muhammad as "the so-called Prophet," exhibits himself as a hopelessly incapable exponent of any Moslem people. And the theory that the Moorish Empire is to be included among the "sick men" of politics is a peculiarly pernicious one which stamps its author as an utterly untrustworthy authority upon history as well as upon statesmanship. The theory has exposed those countries who relied upon it to constant discomfiture, and, as we have had frequent occasion to point out, the high prestige now enjoyed by Great Britain in Morocco is mainly due to the wise diplomacy, which has rejected such an error with emphasis, and thereby secured an invaluable friendship where distrust would have menaced disaster.

This aspect of the Moorish question is well illustrated by the "Tourmaline" incident, which has been so much misunderstood in this country. Mr. Meakin has doubtless reserved his opinions upon it for another volume, though it certainly deserved inclusion in any historical

epitome which aspired to be complete. Meanwhile we have a bald and vulgar narrative from a member of the expedition, a Mr. Henry Grey, who, by his own showing, assuredly deserved the four months' imprisonment to which he was sentenced by the Consular Court at Tangiers. His book reveals him as one of those semi-illiterate adventurers who trust to the ephemeral notoriety of their exploits to secure readers for books devoid of intrinsic merits. "In Moorish Captivity" only deserves to be perused for the admissions which its author makes against himself; for his involuntary endorsement of British policy; and for the salutary warning he affords to any hotheads who might be tempted to follow in his footsteps. He regales us with much bunkum about "an oppressed and down-trodden people, a land for which God had done so much, and man so little. What a shame it seemed!" he sighs with his tongue in his cheek, "a shame crying aloud to unanswering Heaven and civilisation for remedy! A land flowing with milk and honey, yet shut in from the outside world because the jealousy of the Powers of Europe keeps alive a realm that is tottering to ruin from its own inherent rottenness and decay." Were he right in his prejudiced and ignorant estimate of the land of the African Sultan, there would still be no reasonable excuse for the methods adopted by himself and his friends to bring about the needful regeneration. We might say much about the motives and sordid intrigues of Major Spilsbury and his gang of financial filibusters, but we are content to ask whether the conveyance of 2,000 rifles to rebellious and uncivilised tribes is the shortest cut to the happiness of any land, however redolent of milk and honey. When those articles of diet are merely destined to fatten a few unscrupulous promoters in the city, it seems somewhat beside the mark to prate about cries to unanswering Heaven. In due process of time Morocco may attain to wider civilisation as Egypt has done, but hurried and violent interference by irresponsible adventurers can only impede the good work which British diplomacy is advancing with wisdom and prudence. One further point alone requires to be dealt with. After many undignified lamentations over the meet punishment induced by his gross indiscretions, Mr. Grey makes a grievance that his German colleague was released at once on reaching Tangier. This of course was due to the difference between the treaties which Germany and England respectively have concluded with Morocco, but we are free to confess that at first sight it appears regrettable. Mr. Grey and others are, however, wrong in imagining that the British notion of justice has been construed into weakness by the Moors. On the contrary, they are shrewd enough to recognise the superior legality of British procedure, and their confidence in our integrity has been enormously enhanced thereby. If only Major Spilsbury had not evaded punishment by a quibble, that confidence would have been still further extended. As it is, British interests in Morocco are in excellent hands, and eminently satisfactory to every patriotic Englishman. Even the unfortunate "Tourmaline" affair need not be regretted if it serves to deter restless intriguers from embarking upon further indiscretions of a similar kind. The one pressing need is to clear away all foolish ideas about the desperate condition of Morocco, and each of the books now under consideration deserves strong condemnation for its foolish attempts to obscure a very clear issue.

"THE MIND DISEASED."

"The Pathology of Emotions: Physiological and Clinical Studies." By Ch. Féré. Translated by R. Park. London: University Press, Watford. 1899. 15s.

THERE is little justification for the publication of this book, in its present form. In the first place, the translator is obviously incapable of translating French and of writing English. A constant occurrence of grotesque ineptitudes completely distracts attention from the subject and destroys any confidence that the translator interprets the meaning of his author. What is to be thought of such expressions as "Halls of Reunion" for public halls, "combustion hearths" for

fireplaces, "thoracic cage" for thorax or chest, "aliens" for insane persons, "chimiotaxie" for chemotaxis, "Mal des Montagnes" for mountain sickness, "globules" for blood corpuscles, "oxyghémoglobine" for oxyhæmoglobin where not only is the French word not translated but wrongly transcribed? What is to be made of such a sentence as the following? "All these experiments have been made with the sphygmometer of M. Bloch. I made them concurrently with my internes and we learned generally, to twenty-five or fifty grammes almost, on the figures obtained." It is possible that the French author merely meant to relate that he and his house-physicians had made a number of parallel experiments and had obtained results differing only by twenty-five to fifty grammes. An agreeable pastime is suggested by the book; a selection from its sentences might be given the players and he should win the game who in the greatest number of cases guessed the original French which the translator had misconstrued. But the purpose of a scientific volume is not congruous with the provision of such diversions for winter evenings.

Fortunately the mistranslations and defective English are of less importance as the volume had no need to be translated at all. Dr. Féré is no doubt an able physician. The Bicêtre is an institution with a justly great reputation, and the subject is extremely important.

But Dr. Féré, however capable of it he may be, has not written a logical, well-ordered treatise on his subject. He has simply collected from his notebooks a number of interesting cases, and has pieced them together with commentary and with a considerable amount of information of a general kind perhaps useful to beginners but certainly not wanted in a review of the subject. There is plenty of valuable material but it wanted correlation with the work of others and a vast amount of systematic organisation. Here there is little more than part of the materials for a book and that little more is partly superfluous, partly extraneous.

The general theory underlying the work is not very difficult to explain. In past time, not very distant, certain metaphysical doctrines dominated medical science in its study and treatment of abnormal intellectual and emotional conditions. Advances in clinical observation and in physiological knowledge have now made it certain that all mental diseases have a physical correlate, and that careful study and treatment of the body are the means by which physicians may minister to the mind diseased. In the words of the author "emotions are somatic states which are accompanied by states of consciousness." The physiological conditions of the emotions are proper subjects for study, and inquiry seems to show their relation to physical agents, to the influence of which man is subject.

Each possible condition of mind is associated with definite physical conditions of the body; these conditions may be observed and measured and the external causes which produce or modify them may be studied.

Unfortunately, the purpose of the author has been carried out in a fashion too disconnected and haphazard to be useful to any except future writers or experts. It may be interesting to mention however that Dr. Féré, while almost identifying pathological conditions of the emotions with somatic disturbances does not regard his view as any reason for diminishing the legal responsibility of persons who commit crimes while in a pathological condition. "The penal law," he says, "admits two categories of individuals, the one responsible, the other irresponsible. This distinction is not founded on any scientific argument; desire, passion, impulse, virtue, vice, madness are allied to organic conditions betwixt which science can only establish degrees of intensity."

AN INTERESTING MAN'S UNINTERESTING STORY.

"Cosimo de' Medici," by Dorothea Ewart (Foreign Statesmen Series). London: Macmillans. 1899. 2s. 6d.

A CELEBRATED writer once called the annals of the Roman Republic "a history of interesting things done by uninteresting men." When dealing with the Republic of Florence we may almost reverse the

epigram, and say that we are dealing with interesting men who did uninteresting things. The personalities of individuals like Dante, the two great Medici, or Savonarola are full of fascination: but when we have to enter into the details of their political lives weariness gradually creeps over us. The feeling is not due merely to the fact that the general lines of Italian politics in the fourteenth or fifteenth century are unfamiliar to the average reader. The specialist, who has thoroughly mastered them, has to confess to himself that the details are dreary, though the main problems are interesting enough. The lifework of the statesman whose biography Miss Ewart has written was the virtual overthrow of the old aristocratic republic of Florence. He achieved his end not by the usual methods of his contemporaries, but by a long and artful process of undermining the constitution while leaving its outward appearance unchanged. Most of the Italian commonwealths came to a sudden end by armed violence; the successful conspirators who had seized on supreme power blossomed forth at once into avowed despots, who surrounded themselves with all the pomp of royalty. At Florence things went otherwise: it is impossible to place one's finger on any particular date, and to say that it marks the end of liberty—if that much-abused name may be applied to the strange system of checks and balances which prevailed under the old republic. We find no sudden catastrophe, no conspiracy or massacre, but the gradual engrossing of all real power by a man who had no legal control over his fellows, and as a rule held no official post in the magistracy of the State. It is as if Augustus had wormed himself into empire at Rome without any proscription or any Actian victory, and had continued to reign without possessing either tribunician power or proconsular imperium.

The man who could become the master of Florence without stroke of sword and almost without the shedding of blood—there is but one murder that can certainly be laid to his account—was no common person, and his career well deserves notice. His biography told in the style of Plutarch, with a string of characteristic anecdotes, might be interesting enough. But nowadays the Plutarchian method is at a discount, and the Life of Cosimo has to be treated as a constitutional and diplomatic study. The easy narrative style of the elder age would not any longer be tolerated. It must be confessed that the necessity of dealing with Cosimo as a diplomat and a meddler with the constitution is a deplorable one. It is not Miss Ewart's fault if the Florentine State system as it existed in the early fifteenth century was the most complicated, the most irrational, and the most uninteresting experiment in government ever made. However clearly and succinctly its details are set forth, they are bound to prove tedious reading: the infinite numbers of committees and sub-committees and councils, the want of a permanent executive, the tiresome survival in form of institutions which have really been superseded by others, makes it most difficult to trace the real delegation of authority, or to discover where sovereignty lay. The best commentary on the futility of the whole system was the fact that Cosimo contrived to "walk round" the whole of it, and to exert a paramount influence in the State, which practically amounted to a tyranny, without any change of constitutional forms. To understand how this *tour de force* was accomplished, Cosimo's biographer must plunge into all the details of *borse* and *balia* and *accoppiatori* and so forth, a most ungrateful task. We are bound to say that Miss Ewart is always clear: that the subject is complicated and uninteresting is not her fault. When she is granted a more inspiring theme, in the chapters where her hero can be treated of as a patron of art and letters, or merely as the provident father of a family, she continues to carry the reader along pleasantly enough.

Looking at the external aspect of Cosimo's career, we find that his plan for the establishment of a balance of power in Italy, and for the careful exclusion of the intrusive foreigner, forms a landmark in the development of modern political thought. He may indeed almost be called the first of the diplomatists of the new school which had given up the idea of wide conquest and empire, and merely aspired to maintain indepen-

dence and prosperity, by playing off each neighbour state against the other. But if the general idea of Cosimo's foreign policy was a new and interesting departure in Italian history, the annals of its successive developments are a mere hopeless tangle of pledges broken and treaties disowned. Florence, Milan, Venice, the Pope and the King of Naples were always divided into two hostile camps, but the names of the confederates on each side never remained the same for long. The story of their successive alliances is a mere exercise in permutations and combinations. From 1436 to 1441 Florence fought the Duke of Milan with the help of Venice and the Pope. From 1443 to 1445 she leagued herself with the Duke of Milan and Venice against the Pope and the King of Naples. In 1445-46 she was fighting with the aid of Venice alone, against Milan the Pope and Naples. In 1447 she broke with Venice, who had hitherto been her consistent ally, and for a time her confederates were the Pope and Francesco Sforza, now about to succeed to his father-in-law's Milanese duchy. If there had been any political meaning in these perpetual changes of alliance they might not be so hard to follow. But neither side was fighting for a cause or carrying out a definite policy. Blank selfishness and greed was at the bottom of each combination, and the whole series of wars reads

"like a tale
Told by an idiot—full of sound and fury
Signifying nothing."

We are left with a great intellectual respect for Cosimo's cunning, but an entire want of moral sympathy with his manœuvres. Sooth to say the whole story is merely wearisome.

Far more interesting is it to read Miss Ewart's chapters that tell of her hero's ways of using his money for distant commercial and financial ventures, or of his dealings with the humanists like Poggio and Niccoli and the artists like Benozzo Gozzoli and Filippo Lippi. If Cosimo's name deserves to live, he should certainly owe his immortality to the fact that he made Gozzoli paint the marvellous decorations of the chapel in the Medici Palace, rather than to any of his cunning dealings with the constitution or his successes against the foreign enemies of Florence.

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MINE.

Number of feet driven, sunk, and risen	2,434 feet.
Quartz Mined	26,697 ons.
Less Waste Rock discarded	7,235 "
Quartz sent to Mill and Crushed	19,462 tons.

MILL.

Number of days working (195 stamps)	30'47 days.
Ore crushed	19,462 tons.
Yield in Smelted Gold	6,131'25 ons.
Yield per ton	6'300 dwts.

CYANIDE WORKS.

Tailings Treated	13,580 tons.
Yield in Bullion at 6os. per oz.	2,832'64 ons.
Yield per ton treated	4'171 dwts.
Yield per ton (on basis of tonnage Milled)	2'911 dwts.
Working Cost per ton Treated	2s. 5'706d.

EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

On basis of tonnage Milled—19,462 tons.

WORKING EXPENDITURE

	Working Cost.	Cost per ton.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Mining	6,847 18 4	7 0'447
Milling	2,735 2 5	2 9'729
Maintenance	1,171 4 7	1 2'443
General Charges (Mine)	945 14 11	0 11'662
Mine Development Redemption	3,892 8 0	4 0'000
Cyaniding	1,680 17 6	1 8'728
Fixed Charges (including Licenses, Insurances, &c.)	600 0 0	7'399
Profit for Month	17,873 5 9	18 4'408
	13,320 11 7	13 8'240
	£31,199 17 4	32 0'748

REVENUE.

	Value.	Value per ton
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Gold from Mill, 6,131'25 ons. at 73s. 5'793d. per oz.	22,577 1 4	23 1'797
Gold from Cyaniding, 2,832'64 ons., at 6os. per oz.	8,497 16 0	8 8'793
Sundry Revenue	175 0 0	0 2'158
	£31,199 17 4	32 0'748

EXPENDITURE ON CAPITAL ACCOUNT.

	£ s. d.
Machinery and Plant	602 0 5
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Mine Development	6,160 6 7
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Less Mine Development Redemption	9,733 8 6
	3,892 8 0
Total	£5,841 0 6

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120 Stamps.

Milled, 19,133 Tons.

WORKING EXPENSES.

	Cost.	Cost per ton.
To Mining	£6,656 14 4	6s. 11'500d.
" Hauling and Pumping	426 0 1	0s. 5'344d.
" Sorting, Trammings and Crushing	641 3 4	0s. 8'043d.
" Development	1,138 8 8	1s. 2'280d.
" Milling	1,451 3 10	1s. 6'203d.
" Cyaniding Concentrates	249 9 10	0s. 3'130d.
" Tailings	1,548 13 2	1s. 7'426d.
" Mill Water Supply	205 7 6	0s. 2'576d.
" Maintenance	3,288 10 10	3s. 5'251d.
" Charges	520 15 3	0s. 6'533d.
" Slimes Treatment (current)	566 3 4	0s. 7'102d.
" Slimes Treatment (accumulated)	16,692 10 2	17s. 5'387d.
	321 19 10	0s. 4'039d.
" Profit for Month	17,014 10 0	17s. 9'426d.
	254 8 206d.	0s. 5'344d.
	£41,585 0 0	43s. 5'633d.

REVENUE.

	Value.	Value per ton.
By Gold from Mill:		
7,335'40 ozs., valued	£26,896 15 0	28s. 1'386d.
From Tailings—		
2,535'21 ozs., valued	8,987 5 0	9s. 4'734d.
From Concentrates—		
732'50 ozs., valued	2,596 10 0	2s. 8'570d.
From Slimes (current)—		
544'30 ozs., valued	1,976 15 0	2s. 0'796d.
By Products treated—		
88'20 ozs., valued	320 0 0	0s. 4'014d.
From Slimes (accumulated —		
222'42 ozs., valued	40,777 5 0	42s. 7'500d.
	807 15 0	0s. 10'132d.
	£41,585 0 0	43s. 5'633d.

The Cost and Value per Ton are worked out on the basis of the Tonnage Milled.

EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE (including Capital Expenditure).

To Working Expenses (as above)	£17,014 10 0
" Slimes Plant	538 4 1
" Plant, General	630 14 11
" Battery	81 2 0
" General Electric Plant	297 1 6
" Tram Plant	30 4 8
" Furniture	51 12 6
" Rock Drill Plant	46 4 6
" Balance	18,689 14 2
	22,895 5 10
	£41,585 0 0
By Gold from Mill, Tailings, Concentrates and Slimes, &c., valued	£41,585 0 0

MINE DEVELOPMENT.

Drives	76 feet.
Sinking Winzes	30 "
Total footage for month	106 "

The ore developed by the above footage was 18,665 tons.

SORTING.

Ore raised from the Mine	26,385 tons.
Waste sorted out (equal to 26'87 per cent.)	7,091 "
Sorted ore sent to mill	19,294 "
Ore in bins at Battery 1st August	1,862 "
	21,156 "
Ore crushed for August	19,133 "
Balance in bins 1st September	2,023 "

MILL.

120 Stamps ran 30 days 2 hours crushing	19,133 tons.
Tons crushed per Stamp per 24 hours	5'28 "
Bullion yield	7,335'40 ozs.
Bullion yield per ton	7'66 dwts.

CYANIDE WORKS.

Tons treated	Tailings, 12,437	Concentrates 1,400
Bullion yield	2,535'21 ozs.	732'50 ozs.
Bullion yield per ton	4'07 dwts.	10'46 dwts.
	s. d.	s. d.
Working cost per ton treated	2 5'88	3 6'77

SLIMES PLANT.

Tons treated	Current, 5,161 tons	Accumulated, 2,109 tons.
Bullion yield	544'30 ozs.	222'42 ozs.
Bullion yield per ton	2'10 dwts.	2'10 dwts.
	s. d.	s. d.
Working cost per ton treated	2 2'32	3 0'64

TOTAL YIELD.

	Tons.	Bullion.	Fine Gold.	Per Ton crushed, Fine Gold.
Mill	19,133	7,335'40	6,385'04	6 16'18
Cyanide (Tailings)	12,437	2,535'21	2,133'44	8 5'58
" (Concentrates)	1,400	732'50	616'41	0 15'47
Slimes (Current)	5,161	544'30	469'18	0 11'77
		11,147'41	9,604'07	10 0'94
Slimes (Accumulated)	2,109	222'42	191'73	0 4'82
		11,369'83	9,795'80	10 5'75

In addition to the above, Cyanide Slags were treated containing 88'20 ozs. of Bullion, equal to 76'03 ozs. of Fine Gold.

JULY YIELD.

	Tons.	Bullion.	Fine Gold.	Per Ton crushed, Fine Gold.
Mill	18,921	7,335'05	6,373'36	6 17'68
Cyanide (Tailings)	12,492	2,590'07	2,164'88	2 14'53
" (Concentrates)	1,680	732'00	600'00	0 19'28
Slimes (Current)	4,975	380'83	335'00	0 8'30
		11,625'95	9,933'28	10 11'96
Slimes (Accumulated)	3,392	259'67	228'00	0 5'78
		11,885'62	10,161'28	10 17'77

In addition to the above, Metallics were sold containing 14'22 ozs. of Fine Gold. RESERVE FUND.—The Board, with a view to future development work on the Estate have had under consideration the advisability of creating a Reserve Fund, and will recommend to Shareholders at the next Annual Meeting that a sum equal to 10 per cent., or such percentage as they may consider adequate, of the net profits of the Company be placed to a Special Account for that and other purposes.

P. C. HAW, Secretary.

JOHANNESBURG, 10th September, 1899.

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